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The Week

THESE words, spoken by Mr. Dooley in the dollar-a-day nineties, apply very well to the open shop campaign of today:

> "What's all this that's in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessey.
>
> "Why, don't you know?" said Mr. Dooley. "Really, I'm surprised at yer ignorance, Hinnissey. What is th' open shop? Sure, 'tis where they kape the doors open to accommodate th' constant stream av' min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min what has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hinnissey: Suppose wan av these freeborn citizens is workin' in an open shop f'r th' princely wages av wan large iron dollar a day av tin hour. Along comes anither son-av-gun and he sez to th' boss 'Oi think Oi could handle th' job nicely f'r ninety cints.' 'Sure,' sez th' boss, and th' wan dollar man gets out into th' crool worulld t' exercise his inalienable roights as a free-born American citizen an' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes on, Hinnissey. An' who gits th' benefit? Thrue, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more f'r money thin he does f'r his right eye."
>
> "It's all principle wid him. He hates t' see men robbed av their indipendence. They must have their indipendence, regardless av anything else."
>
> "But," said Mr. Hennessey, "these open shop min ye menshun say they are f'r unions iv properly conducted."
>
> "Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "iv properly conducted. An' there we are: An' how would they have thim conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly iny wages an' dam few mimbers."

THE latest rumors have all pointed to Mr. Hughes as Senator Harding's choice for Secretary of State. Mr. Hughes as a candidate for President, to be sure, never struck his gait. His true qualities, then under an eclipse, include high intellectual capacity and moral fearlessness. If in the complexities of a Presidential campaign conducted under the shadow of war Mr. Hughes seemed at times almost without convictions, he is normally quite capable of having strong convictions, and he is capable of taking vigorous, fearless action in response to them without waiting to discover whether his action will be popular or not. Such independence marks him as a statesman rather than a politician. It would, we venture to guess, make him conspicuous in Senator Harding's cabinet, where his function would be, inevitably, often to act the part of a representative of the national conscience.

THE Kansas Court of Industrial Relations has jurisdiction over the state's essential industries, one of which is flour milling. The employees of a certain Topeka flour mill which was partially shut down complained, before this Court, that they had been thrown out of work. The Court's presiding judge, W. L. Huggins, found that the mill had not closed in an effort to keep up prices or cut down production; that it was running at 60 per cent of normal, and that under present depressed conditions this was enough. The next point of his decision has thrown into varying forms of excitement the editorial pages of several dailies, and seems at first sight a recognition of the revolutionary principle that an industry should be financially responsible for its own unemployment. Judge Huggins said that "skilled and faithful employees should be given such treatment as will enable them during the per-

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iod of limited production to support themselves and families."

THE above extract from the decision, as reported in the New York Times, is not very clear. The New York Call quotes the Court's decision as based on a hypothetical case: if a mill in normal times employs fifty men, of whom thirty-five are "essential to the operation of the mill," the owners must "provide these thirty-five men with work" and support them and their families until "they again become essential in the operation of the mill." If this is a correct quotation the Industrial Court's decision means that several steps have been taken toward a complete recognition of the principle that unemployment should be a first charge on the industry in which it occurs. More than that, it means that a public body has upheld, for the first time, an essential feature of scientific accounting in industry.

THE New York Times and the New York World have published figures of the Socialist and Farmer-Labor national vote. Both estimates claim as their foundation, official figures which are now complete in all but a few states. Yet we are still some distance from knowing the truth. The World put the Socialist total at 910,000 and the Farmer-Labor at 242,000; while the Times gave them respectively about 960,000 and 350,000. Each paper says the Farmer-Labor party had a ticket in eighteen states. But the World's list included New Mexico, Oregon and Wyoming, which are omitted by the Times; while the Times had figures for Michigan, Minnesota and Nebraska, all three overlooked by the World. Obviously such estimates can be a basis for little more than generalities. Yet the following facts seem fairly clear: The Farmer-Labor party, which was expected to receive about one-tenth as many votes as the Socialists in its first campaign, received instead about a third; in the states where both had tickets, for every eight Socialist votes it received five; over half its strength was in three states alone: Nebraska, South Dakota and Washington, and in these states it out-voted the Socialists ten to one. In Washington, the labor unions of Seattle voted solidly for it; otherwise it appears more a farmer than a labor party, and more western than national.

BUT it is unjust to expect the Farmer-Labor party to make a national showing. What organization it has is local; and local too was its real strength in the ballotting on November 2nd. In Washington, where its Presidential electors received 77,000 votes, its candidate for governor received 121,000, twice as many as the Democrat; in New York, Dudley Field Malone ran nearly fifty thousand ahead of Christensen, the Presidential candidate; in Pennsylvania the Farmer-Labor candidates for United States Senator and State Treasurer polled 27,000 to Christensen's 15,000; while in Minnesota, a state that gave Christensen 5,800 votes, Miss Lillie J. Anderson, Farmer-Labor candidate for Secretary of State, polled 193,000 votes, or 50,000 more than Cox's Minnesota vote. Clearly the Farmer-Labor party represents a series of sporadic but widespread local movements rather than a coherent national one.

BY deciding to deport Martens the Administration cut itself off from the commercial agent of a government which, since it has nationalized all trade, could do business only through such an agent. On December 18th appeared in the Sunday Times a piece of inspired and anonymous wisdom from Washington to the effect that trade with Russia would help the Soviets but not the people; that it was impossible and dangerous anyhow; that when other countries had resumed it little trade had resulted, and that "economic relations with Russia cannot at present revive production within Russia." On December 20th the Treasury Department removed war-time restrictions on credit transactions with, and the exportation of bullion or coin to, Bolshevist Russia, not because such a step would revive trade but so that the Bolsheviki could no longer use the excuse of the embargo in their propaganda. But who on earth wants to ship bullion to Russia? It is the Russians that must ship gold to us. On the 21st, Treasury officials admitted that the United States Assay offices were under orders to fix the value of no gold coming from Soviet Russia. No passports are issued for Soviet Russia; no mail or cables can be sent there. For calculated futility, the government in its Russian policy is like the frog climbing two feet up a slippery wall only to slide back three.

MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU, the President's personal representative to mediate the question of Armenia, sees clearly upon what depends the fate of the Armenian people. It depends on the Allies finding "some practical means," he says, "of dealing not only with the Turkish people and . . . Mustapha Kemal, but with the Soviets as well . . . Up to the present they [the Allies] have recognized neither and until they do there is no one with whom there can be any diplomatic intercourse. Should England, France or Italy decide

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to recognize the Soviets they easily could make the saving of the Armenian nation a condition and unless they find some means of dealing with these the best efforts toward saving Armenia are likely to fail." Guarded as these words are, it is not easy to deduce from them anything but that Mr. Morgenthau thinks a pre-requisite of settling the troubles of Armenia is to do business with the government of Russia. If that is what he thinks, he confirms what experience plainly shows, namely that you can no more "settle" Armenia without Russia than Cuba without the United States.

IN one half of the ancient Island of Hispaniola an American military administration has recently been accused of indiscriminate killing of natives; has investigated itself, absolved itself, and has declared that occupation would perhaps be necessary for a generation more. So much for Haiti. To the other half of the Island, also inhabited by Negroes, in Santo Domingo, the United States and its military government are preparing to say farewell, to withdraw the troops and leave behind replenished treasuries, comparative order, and elaborate dispositions for election laws and future self-government. It is not easy to understand why at this particular moment President Wilson directed a proclamation that promises the withdrawal of American responsibility in Santo Domingo in the near future. The official reason is that "tranquility has existed for some time," and that intervention has cured the disturbed conditions which made it necessary. Another possible explanation is that the next administration is so near. It is idle to speculate very much about the motives of this administration.

THE anger of those who, in France and England, found they had guessed absolutely wrong on Venizelos, took the form of resentment against the Greeks for so deceiving them, though had it not been for Venizelos's censorship, the Greek people would gladly have published their true feelings. In England this resentment led to a move for the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres in favor of the Turks. But Lloyd George wants no hasty revision; he warns Britain not to rush into difficulties, not to make hasty settlements of territorial questions far from easy to solve. "We ought," he says "to proceed warily, otherwise we shall incur the hatred and enmity of the Greek race. We have been filled with resentment and some contempt for their actions recently, but we do not know all the facts, and there may be explanations." The Prime Minister's admission that he does not know all the facts, and that there was behind the curtain of Venizelos a Greece for whose unexpected, "contemptible" actions there may be explanations, should be noted with sympathy.

EXPLANATIONS and facts about the Greek puzzle continue to come to light. For instance, the apparently overwhelming plebiscite of December 5th, by which the Greek people called Constantine back, received little publicity over here. The English papers paid more attention to it. The Manchester Guardian's Greek correspondent describes this plebiscite, saying that the manner of conducting it "left much to be desired . . . . The voting was not, as is usual, by leaden balls, but by papers, and the illiterate were in the hands of the officials in registering their votes . . . . There was nothing to hinder voters from voting half a dozen times in as many different polling stations . . . . Troops were taken to vote en masse, and the procedure was actually rehearsed beforehand in barracks . . . . No votes were taken for Smyrna and the Dodecanese, where the population is wholly Venizelist." The figures of this vote were never announced: it was merely reported as "overwhelming." Exactly what the Greek people wanted will probably never be known.

DURING the Peace Conference experts decided that Germany should, and could, be made to pay thirty-five or forty billion dollars in reparations. Every day since has brought new evidence of the absurdity of this figure. The second Financial Conference at Brussels between representatives of the Allies and of Germany, has adjourned until January 10th after reaching the general understanding that payment by Germany of one hundred billion marks in gold, or twenty-five billion dollars, is to be the basis for reparations. In her most prosperous year, just before the war, Germany's national wealth was about eighty billion dollars. Whatever this wealth may be now, after four years of war and blockade, after the loss of Posen, Schleswig, the Saar, Alsace-Lorraine, after two years of civil disorder and chaotic production, twenty-five billion dollars is certainly a large fraction of it. The experts at Brussels seem to have agreed that the reparations must be made chiefly in kind rather than cash, and virtually none of the delegates is still of the opinion that the Treaty can be executed literally.

CHRISTMAS and New Years have gone by, and Debs is still in jail. His imprisonment serves no purpose, either good or bad. From the point of view of expediency, it will cast a shadow over the

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exit of this administration, and it will leave a bitter taste in the mouths of those who were generous enough to swallow its idealism whole. From the point of view of the law, we are in fact no longer at war, and to keep in jail a man whose acts would not have been punishable in peace times is legalism of the smallest caliber. From the point of view of common decency, of morality, there is this to be said of the imprisonment of Debs: that it is a crime, a falsehood, and an act of which no honorable government would be guilty.

Our Incorrigible Coal Industry

> Our investigation into the coal situation has convinced me that the private interests now in control of the production and distribution of coal, in spite of the efforts by some, are actually unable to prevent a continuance or a repetition of the present deplorable situation. —*Senator Calder, Chairman of the Senate Comittee on Reconstruction.*

THESE words of Senator Calder's deserve a more searching consideration than they have received. So far as they are true they imply a drastic and unanswerable criticism of the existing method of producing and distributing one of the commodities most indispensable to the happiness of the American people. When the machinery of any essential industry begins to creak and groan, when it fails to satisfy the needs of its customers or when it satisfies them fitfully and at extortionate prices, the instinctive disposition of the American mind is to fasten all blame on the individuals who are producing and distributing the commodities, to accuse them of incompetence or greed and to pass legislation intended to forbid such malpractice. But if Senator Calder's account is correct, it is, in the case of the abuses of the coal industry, useless to blame individuals. The guilt is not personal. The coal operators and commission merchants are the victims as well as the beneficiaries of the existing system. They, as a group of private individuals who are operating a basic industry in obedience to the motive of their own profit, are unable and really have no license effectively to reorganize and control the industry in the public interest.

Coal is a commodity which the consumer must have and for which he will pay, if necessary, much higher prices than those at which it can be economically produced. For reasons into which we cannot go here but which are well recognized in the industry, the furnishing of an abundant supply of coal to all parts of the country at a low cost is a matter which requires an elaborate and smoothly cooperative organization. The industry as now operated contains the elements of such an organization, but the mechanism has many weak and outworn parts which frequently get out of order and when anyone of them does fail the breakdown has an unfortunate tendency to be costly to the consumer but profitable to the producer and the distributor. For when the consumer is threatened with a shortage, as he always is when a breakdown occurs, he will bid the price up recklessly in order to be sure of getting his necessary supply. The industry itself is at present incapable of legislating fairly and effectively against these abuses. It is owned and run by individuals and corporations whose interests, except in the matter of joint profits, are exclusive. They can combine to raise prices but not to reform abuses. No one group of owners or operators which happened to control the national association could legislate without discrimination and prejudice for the industry as a whole. The utmost a national coal association can seek to accomplish for the public is the maintenance of a free and fair field for all operators and distributors, and a free and fair field for all the private interests engaged in an industry whose efficiency requires such an elaborate cooperative organization is the mother of the existing abuses. It affords an irresistible temptation and opportunity to profiteer. The operators may intend to combine for the purpose only of purging competition of its abuses, but when competitors whose legitimate motive is private profit combine, the net result of the combination seems necessarily to be an increase of common profits at the expenses of the consumer. The standards of the industry cannot rise higher than its moral source—which is private and exclusive interests.

The inference to be drawn from this impotence of the coal industry to reform its own abuses is both radical and obvious. The American nation cannot obtain from the existing organization, ownership, and motivation of the coal industry the public service to which it is entitled; and the indispensable condition of grading the organization and operation of the industry up to the level of what it should be—that is an essential public service—is to change and improve its motivation. Its ownership must be vested in the community and its operation trusted to a board on which the expert salaried staff, the wage earners and the consuming public would all find adequate representation. The object of such a reorganization would be to substitute for the existing motive of exclusive profits, accruing to people who own and merchandize the coal, a new motive which makes for cooperating individual purposes and efforts. The individuals who manage the industry cannot cooperate for the benefit of the public because the industry as organized affords the owners and merchandizers of coal irresistible op-

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portunities of reaping their largest profits not by serving or satisfying the public but by interrupting the service, and at times by deliberately thwarting the satisfaction of its customers. They never will cooperate until the American nation decides to abolish these privileged opportunities for exclusive profits and reorganizes the industry for the purpose of giving its directors and workers a common personal interest in rendering the industry efficient in satisfying the wants of the consumers of coal.

Senator Calder and his committee notwithstanding the essentially radical meaning of their exposure of the abuses of the coal industry are very far from drawing this conclusion, and there is some excuse for their timidity. The proposed reorganization of the coal industry would be a difficult and hazardous experiment which will never be successfully undertaken until modern democratic nations possess a much more intelligent faith than they have at present in the willingness and ability of human nature to find satisfaction in acting upon more disinterested motives. At this moment they do not know how to fit conflicting interests and differing individuals into an effective cooperative organization for the continued performance of a public service. If a political party with a policy of coal nationalization as one of its planks had won the election last fall, it could, considering the rudimentary nature of the existing technique of public administration, scarcely succeed in nationalizing the operation as well as the ownership of the coal industry. But while there are reasons for going slow and being circumspect about putting a policy of nationalization into immediate or early effect, there is no excuse in the light of the assertion at the head of this article for any further evasion of the deep seriousness of the disease which afflicts the coal industry. The American people may not be and are not prepared to practice a remedy as radical as the disease, but if not they must expect to pay a severe penalty for their unpreparedness. They must expect abuses to increase and to become more costly and exasperating until they are ready to substitute for the existing method of producing and distributing coal a new method which will give to the producers of coal an interest in the efficiency of the industry as a public service.

As long as they are not ready to convert the coal industry into a public utility, they should be patient and considerate with the large body of their fellow citizens who suffer more than they do from the existing disorganization of the industry. We refer to the coal miners. In the light of Senator Calder's statement that "the private interests now in control of the production and distribution of coal are unable to prevent" the existing abuses from continuing, should not American public opinion be ashamed of its treatment in the fall of 1919 of the striking bituminous coal miners? The government of the United States with the support of public opinion condemned the strike as an offense against social security. Coal, it declared, was a public necessity and the miners of coal who by quitting work brought suffering and deprivation on the whole community deserved to be treated and were treated as criminals. But the coal industry which the government erected into a public utility for the purpose of breaking a strike was in every other respect merely an opportunity for private profits. The operators were allowed to make large sums of money out of the defects in the machinery of producing and distributing coal, but the miners, when the operators refused to discuss a new wage scale and other demands, were outlawed for adopting their only effective remedy. The gross defects in the machinery of production and distribution were more costly to the miners than to the consumers. They meant for the miners interrupted employment, low and precarious wages and wasteful methods of operation. The disorganization of the industry was reflected in the disorganization of their lives. Their demands on the operators were framed partly for the purpose of doing away with some of the stoppages of production and at the same time with the casual nature of their work. If the organization of the industry had been that of a public utility and had offered to the miners steady employment under acceptable conditions, at fair wages and in the public interest, there would have been a real excuse for outlawing a strike, but to force Americans to work in order that other Americans may profiteer at their expense and at the expense of the public, which was what the government did, was a far more blameworthy performance than that of the striking miners.

This aspect of the matter has unfortunately an immediate practical interest. The operators in the anthracite region are pursuing now a course of action analogous to that of the bituminous operators in 1919. They have finally refused to discuss the acute grievances of the anthracite miners which resulted from the arbitration award of last summer; and there is grave danger that the miners will resume their interrupted vacations. The operators are encouraged to behave in an unconciliatory manner because in the event of a strike they expect public support. They expect to have the industry treated as a public utility when the miners threaten any interference with production and as privileged private possession in so far as they themselves profit from the abuses of the industry and its failure to meet the public needs. It is time to disappoint ex-

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pectations of this kind. The grievances of the anthracite miners, like those of their fellow wage-earners in the bituminous field are associated with the disorganization and the inefficiency of the industry. It is all part of one problem. If the government is to intervene and take away the only defence of an aggrieved wage-earner, it is bound to push the intervention further and save the miners from being forced by law to work for the enrichment of greedy coal operators. It should seriously tackle the problem of doing for the coal industry what Senator Calder rightly insists it cannot do for itself. It should prepare to reconstruct the coal industry as an actual as well as merely a legal public utility.

The Permanent Crime Wave

IF newspaper accounts of the "crime wave" lead people to think that it is abnormal and temporary, they are grossly misleading. Undoubtedly in New York City and in some other places there is an increase of crime, but the increase over the normal is much less startling than the normal condition itself. Compared to other civilized countries the United States is in a perpetual crime wave, and unless we fix our attention on the normal, we shall not go far in improvement because we shall draw the wrong inferences from a gust of excitement.

In Mr. Raymond Fosdick's excellent book on American Police Systems* there are eloquent statistics. Take premeditated murders. In 1916 there were nine in London for a population of seven and a quarter million people; in Chicago, one-third as large, there were one hundred and five. This on the basis of population is a ratio of nearly thirty-five to one. Now compare Chicago, not with London, but with England and Wales; that is to say, compare two and a half million people with thirty-eight million. There were twenty more murders in Chicago than in all England and Wales. Or take New York City: in 1916, 1917, 1918, it had six times as many homicides as London. Each year from 1914 to 1918 New York had more homicides than occurred in London during any three year period before 1914. Glasgow for 1916-18 inclusive had thirty-eight homicides; Philadelphia, just a trifle larger, had two hundred and eighty-one. Liverpool and St. Louis, which are about the same size, show a proportion of one to eleven in 1915 and one to eight in 1916. Los Angeles, one twentieth the size of London, had two more homicides than London in 1916. Berlin before the war averaged twenty-five murders a year; Vienna nineteen.

The burglary statistics are no less ignominious. New York in 1915 had 11,652 burglaries; London had 1,459; all of England and Wales had 6,737. In 1918 when London had 2,777 felonies which we should classify as burglaries, New York had 7,412, Chicago 3,643, Detroit 2,047, Cleveland 2,608, St. Louis 2,989. No wonder burglary insurance in American cities costs fifteen to twenty times as much as in England.

Recently the newspapers have reported many robberies as if they were a sensational novelty. Well, in 1915 in New York City there were 838, enough to furnish at least two sensations a day, and three a day for several months. In the same year there were 20 robberies in London, not enough to make a story every two weeks. During 1918 Chicago had 22 robberies for every one committed in London. Detroit and Cleveland regularly average from three to five times as many robberies as all of Great Britain. And if you are interested in automobile thefts reported, you can think of a total of 16,896 for the year 1919 in New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and Cleveland. There were enough automobiles stolen in five American cities to move the whole city of Geneva anywhere that the League of Nations preferred.

Do these figures prove that our police are inactive? They break the world's record for arrests. In 1917 Boston beat London by 32,520; Philadelphia beat London by 20,005; Chicago by 61,874 and New York by 111,874. These are revealing figures. Our police, judged by their arrests, are indeed active; judged by the rate of crime they are painfully ineffective. If arresting were the way to prevent crime, we ought to be almost immune. How is the discrepancy to be explained? There is no one explanation, but several. In the first place we ask our police to enforce those moral laws which churches and schools have failed to enforce. A vast amount of their energy goes into hunting sinners, and not criminals. And yet being a turbulent people without a social discipline behind us, and with a distinct tradition in favor of violence and lawlessness, derived from the frontier, the lynching bee, the vigilance committee, the shoot 'em at sunrise temper, and the Unwritten Law, there is more real police work to do than in a settled country like England. But our good people are usually more interested in vice than in crime. Moreover when they become thoroughly excited about something, they immediately show the weak minded members of the community that lawlessness and violence may be good Americanism. The contempt for law shown by American judges, American

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lawyers and American editors, and respectable America generally will amaze any one who studies the record. It simply is a fact that the law is flouted by its most vociferous defenders. And let no one think that this lawlessness at the top is not reflected throughout society. Lawlessness at the top and lawlessness at the bottom go together. England which makes our record of murders, robberies and burglaries ridiculous, has also made us ridiculous in the respect shown by English officials for the process of English law in England. And English behavior in Ireland merely points the moral.

The moral is that to meet our extravagant criminal conditions there is needed an example of complete respect for law by the respectable community. That is the cornerstone of improvement by education. There is needed, second, a concentration of police energy on crime, and away from mere morals and opinions. Instead of trying to pass laws that will make the world eligible for heaven, we should economize our effort in order to enforce the laws against obvious crime. And then, recognizing that our great criminality is permanent, and not a mere "wave," we should learn that prevention and detection are highly expert professions. That would mean permanence of tenure for the police commissioner; it would mean specifically that when by the grace of God a city secures a servant like Arthur Woods in New York, no politician could possibly dislodge him except by judicial process.

While Mr. Harding Ponders

MR. HARDING, it is announced, has finished his conferences about the League, and from an "authoritative source" in Marion there issued just before Christmas what purported to be a set of eight principles. They contained three ideas: first, that the leaders of thought among the five leading Powers must be got to agree; second, that no nation shall bind itself to anything; third, that there should be a world court, dealing only with justiciable questions, and world conference on general matters. What relation all this has to the existing League was not announced. Yet obviously the very first question Mr. Harding will be asked when he approaches the "moral leaders" of the world is: Do we scrap the League, or do we amend it, or what?

We understand quite well why Mr. Harding does not like that question. If he scraps the League, he has the Hoover-Taft Republicans to deal with, if he doesn't, he has Johnson and Knox. And yet it is largely a phantom dilemma, arising in the first instance out of nothing but a confusion of ideas. For strange as it may seem there is no fundamental difference of principle between those irreconcilables who are not militarist and those leaguers who are not.

If instead of talking about what the League is, the Republicans would talk about what it can or should do, they would find it a great relief. Let them approach the question by listing the promises America would make if it ratified the covenant and the Treaty. The list is large, and we shall not attempt to make it here. A few typical items would be these:

- A promise to attend meetings of the Council and the Assembly.
- A promise to use the machinery of conciliation or adjudication where we are involved.
- A promise to exert pressure upon another nation which declines to use the machinery.
- A promise to enforce the terms of peace imposed upon the Central Powers by the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and perhaps of Sèvres.
- A legal approval of the terms imposed upon our associate China by our associate Japan in the matter of Shantung.

Each of these items, of course, could and should be set forth in far greater detail. We employ them to illustrate how the Republicans might go at their problem. They look at the list. Then they ask themselves, which of these items they approve and which they reject? Are they opposed to meetings of the Assembly and the Council? Let us suppose they decide that the Council has too much power. If so their obvious course is to propose as members of the Council that its powers be limited. They would secure overwhelming support from the Assembly. Proceeding down the list, they ask themselves whether they will use the machinery of conciliation. What do they think about that? Do they object to it in regard to Mexico? Let them avow it if they dare. Do they object to joining in compulsion upon other nations to use the machinery? Let them specify just how far they will go, and how far not. Do they object to entangling America in the terms of the treaties? They must object if they have heeded the November election. Then they must specify to the League that they do not recognize any obligation of that kind, and that America is in the same position as regards the treaties as Switzerland or the Scandinavian countries. And so on down the list.

They must look at the substance, not the form. The substance is an actual association which has just met at Geneva, plus certain general obligations

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under the covenant, plus certain specific obligations under the Treaty. There is no sense in destroying the Assembly and Council because they are called a League and not an Association, when what you are out to destroy are certain contractual duties that are contained in certain items of the covenant and the Treaty. The name of the thing is of no consequence, and the fact that the League is a going concern is enormously in its favor. The Republicans' task is to fix the terms of our entry, by defining what obligations we accept, and by proposing what amendments we desire. If those terms are rejected, if those amendments are refused, it will be time enough to talk about a new association. For the moment the Republicans begin to talk about it, they will find that they have to recreate the Assembly and probably the Council and Secretariat. So they might as well use the machinery that exists and define America's relation to it rather than go through the much longer process first of destroying it and then of recreating it. For that is to shoot at the landscape in general, rather than at the bull's eye. The bull's eye for the Republicans, after the November election, is not the fact of attending meetings of the Assembly and Council, but how far America is entangled while she is attending those meetings.

Wages Cutting: A Vicious Circle

NOT much more than a year ago our industrial leaders were presenting vigorous exposures of the fallacy of wages increases. As wages rose, prices rose also. The laborer might force the employer to give him more dollars, but what did that avail him when each dollar brought him less of the necessaries and comforts of life? Those laborers who won their demands first and got ahead of the inevitable rise in prices might indeed profit for a little while, just as those who were slow in moving for higher wages suffered a loss not fully to be made up by subsequent increases. But setting such minor losses of the one group against the minor gains of the other were we not justified in asserting that the working class as a whole, for all the collective pressure brought by organized labor and for all the individual shopping around of the unorganized, remained about where it was? Rising wages and rising prices: that is nothing but a vicious circle. So said the captains of industry; so said also many of our intellectual and political leaders, the President most dogmatically of all.

But now the times have changed. From every quarter come reports of wages cutting: twenty per cent, forty per cent or even more, affecting hundreds of thousands of workmen. The downward tendency in wages is just as striking as was the upward tendency in the spring and summer of 1919. If the general movement upward involved a fallacy, must not a similar fallacy lurk in the movement downward? Then the fallacy consisted in the fact that the consequent rise in prices soon absorbed whatever had been gained through wages advances. The working men were the dupes, in that case. Is it not just as inevitable that the prevailing policy of cutting wages will be followed by declining prices? What does it profit the employer to get his labor cheaper if he must sell his products correspondingly cheaper? It is now the employers who are the dupes, gyrating fatuously in the vicious circle of wages cutting. Somehow it has not yet occurred to the captains of industry nor to President Wilson to proclaim the inherent folly of wages cutting. But that might seem superfluous. Any one can see for himself that if the argument of 1919 against wages advances was sound, the same argument applied to the present situation must condemn wages cutting.

In 1919 there was much complaint of the reduced efficiency of labor. Much production was lost in striking for higher wages and in shopping around for better jobs. But much greater production is lost now through the closing down of mills, in part or wholly, while wages and prices are being adjusted to lower levels. Everybody grumbled, then, over the increasing prices, but business throve and almost everybody had employment and means to pay increasing prices, if he had to pay them. Today the road to the bankruptcy courts is in danger of becoming clogged; unemployment is becoming general, and hundreds of thousands are without means to buy, however much prices may have fallen. Certainly the "vicious circle" of falling prices is much more vicious than was that of rising wages and rising prices. If there was need of propaganda and concerted effort to break the former circle, the need of breaking the present circle is vastly greater.

But are not these vast movements of prices and wages, upward or downward, as inevitable as the seasons, quite beyond control by human effort, however well organized? That is a doctrine widely proclaimed by those who strangely enough are generally regarded as peculiarly staunch conservatives. Before we accept such a doctrine too complacently let us consider what it implies. These alternations of prosperity and depression are characteristic of a highly organized capitalistic economics. The world knew nothing of them down to little more than a century ago. If it is impossible to prevent their re-

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currence or to ease them off in any way, it is certainly left to fate whether or not they shall become so frequent and severe as to make life under capitalistic economics wholly intolerable. That is the hope and the expectation of the Socialists. And the "conservative" confession of helplessness is definitely their best propaganda.

What ground is there, in fact, for regarding the present downward trend of prices and wages as inevitable and irresistible? Let us not beguile ourselves with specious generalities such as "the aftermath of war." In definite points, indeed, the war and the peace that followed exerted a baleful influence upon our economic life. We have been deprived of markets for part of our agricultural production, with the natural consequence of a slump in the prices of all our agricultural production. There was nothing absolutely irremediable about this condition. We knew in advance, or should have known, that unless we found a way of opening the central European markets to our wheat and meat and cotton we should encounter just this condition. Our leaders of finance and industry knew, or should have known, that a great decline in the purchasing power of the agricultural community would entail serious consequences for trade and industry. But is there the slightest evidence of any organized effort on their part to ward off the evil? It was naturally the political propaganda of the party in power to assert that nothing could be done about the matter so long as America remained out of the League and the indemnity question remained unsettled. Certainly keen-sighted business men could not have accepted naively the convenient view that there was one road and only one to the desired end. Yet what have they done to make the best of even the highly unfavorable circumstances? They exhibited a quite different quality of initiative when the question was one of getting America into shape for conducting the war.

Apart from our failure to find foreign markets for our agricultural surplus, what single influence from beyond our own borders is operating against us? Our general exports continue in volume that before the war would have seemed colossal. No branch of our industry can argue with show of justice that it is depressed by "cut-throat" foreign competition. No foreign country can be accused of drawing away the gold upon which our credit structure is based. It goes without saying that we should prosper better if the nations with which we trade were on their feet, financially and economically. But it does not follow that because they are not, a country like America, whose productive resources are unimpaired, should decline toward economic collapse. After all, we produce, in the main, for ourselves. Whether we suffer depression or enjoy prosperity is mainly a matter of our own internal relations.

It is sometimes said that our industrial power is now so great that only a progressively expanding foreign market can save us from chronic overproduction. The absurdity of this view was sufficiently exposed by Garet Garrett in our last issue. "To rebuild and develop our neglected transportation system, to reclaim by drainage and irrigation our swamp and arid lands, in area greater than France, and to make the standard of American housing decent, there is need for more labor and capital than can be found in two generations."

But to do these things, as well as to make the best practicable disposition of such products as we happen to have in excess, requires concerted effort under intelligent leadership. It requires courage and the willingness to work toward remote ends. What is to be gained, however, is worth the effort. If we resolutely turned our productive power toward the constructive needs of the country, we should create new values, to increase the demand for our industrial products and to sustain their prices. That is one way out of our present economic difficulties. The other way, apparently the way our business community is pursuing, is to accept fatalistically the falling off in demand and declining prices and to attempt an adjustment through reduced wages, to be followed by further decline in prices and further reduction in wages until we find ourselves among the wreckage on hard bottom. It may be that the industry which is first in cutting wages may enjoy a temporary advantage before prices fall. But is it not plain that in thus seeking its own gain that industry is preparing the way for the loss of all? There is no road to business salvation through the vicious circle of wages cutting.

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Must the Japanese Emigrate?

IN a territory inferior in extent to that of California sixty million Japanese live crowded together. It is besides a mountainous and stony country, better watered than California it is true, but on the whole inferior in capacity for producing food. And if the sixty million do somehow manage to keep body and soul together, what of the future? The population is increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million annually. Forty years into the future is no great space of time. Yet at the end of that space, Japan will be attempting to maintain a population equal to that of continental United States today, if the present rate of increase is maintained. The case looks clear: Either the Japanese must emigrate or they must starve. And if that is really the logic of it, the United States and Canada and Australia ought certainly to have an uneasy conscience over their exclusion policies. Your life or mine is a bitter alternative, when you and I have no other ground of enmity. But your life or my social preferences, my racial prejudices, or even my standard of living: that falls little short of cannibalism in its ethical quality.

Japanese exclusion does indeed involve other serious ethical questions which I can not here discuss, but which I do not ignore. That it has any very definite bearing upon the progressive overcrowding of the soil and consequent poverty in Japan itself is, however, not so selfevident as it at first appears. What population could Japan sustain, at a reasonably high level of comfort, if she were to depend on her own national resources exclusively? Certainly not her present sixty millions. One half of that population would represent grave overcrowding for a selfcontained state. But would it be at all feasible to carry away from Japan the thirty million existing excess, together with the annual increase of three-quarters of a million, only gradually declining as the flood of emigration made itself felt? The question answers itself. In view of the vast distances to be traversed by emigrants over the Pacific and the high costs involved, it would be remarkable if Japan managed to transport abroad even her annual excess of population. That process might continue indefinitely without relieving in the least the existing pressure upon the soil.

And even this modicum of relief from increasing distress would appear only in case the emigration were by representative families, including their fair proportion of old and young, men and women, producers and non-producers. In so far as emigration carries away a select group, consisting mainly of the more productive elements—as it always does in fact—it exaggerates in some measure the burdens upon those who are left behind. So obviously true is this that almost every economic statesman of Europe looks upon emigration as a form of blood-letting, a cause of anaemia in the national economic life. In the case of only one European country can an actual decrease in population be traced to emigration. That country is Ireland, and nobody imagines that the lot of those who remained behind was improved by the drain upon the youth of the land. Economists who wish to see Ireland prosper are dead against emigration. In a matter of this kind it is difficult to disentangle cause and effect, but it is noteworthy that general prosperity and a rising standard of living came to England, Germany and Scandinavia only after the attempt to solve the problem of poverty through emigration was abandoned. It may be true that the countries of southern and eastern Europe have gained something through the return of immigrants with savings won abroad and new ideas for the improvement of production. It is no doubt true that the remission of earnings from abroad have helped in some measure to balance the national budget of imports and exports. But whether these gains are ever an adequate compensation for the loss of labor power remains a moot question. In the case of Japanese emigration the savings remitted would count on the right side of the ledger, but it is very doubtful whether many of the ideas acquired in American economic practice would prove useful if transplanted to Japan.

To attempt to elevate the general welfare of the Japanese population through emigration is a hopeless undertaking. Is there then any other hope for Japan, or must she remain forever a country in which the mass of men work unremittingly for the barest necessities of life? England and Germany solved the problem of a population in excess of what they could feed. They developed their export industries and thus drew in food supplies from abroad. It was a solution that worked satisfactorily in time of peace, though wretchedly in time of war. Would a similar solution be practicable for Japan, even in peace? And if it were, would Japan be in as great danger of being starved into submission in war as both England and Germany were?

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The chief prerequisites to a development of export industries are a working population of industrious habits and capable of acquiring a high degree of skill; capacious markets; abundant and cheap fuel; and metals, especially iron. There is no question about the adequacy, both in point of quantity and quality, of the Japanese labor supply. Already in the space of one generation Japan has established her place as one of the chief manufacturers of textiles in the world. Her consumption of raw cotton is not far from one half of that of Britain and one third of that of the United States. Textiles, to be sure, are the elementary stage in industrial development, but no country has ever passed through this stage successfully and stopped with it. The general industrial fitness of Japanese labor and management may be taken for established.

As for markets, Japan's position may be set down as potentially the most favorable in the whole world. In China she has at her doors the greatest existing aggregation of consumers of general industrial products. True, the purchasing power of the individual Chinese is at present exceedingly low, but it is capable of indefinite improvement, if the Japanese will find a market for Chinese products. In Siberia Japan has access to the greatest and most promising of the remaining undeveloped territories. The overland haul to the Pacific from the best wheat lands and grazing lands of Siberia is long, but so also is the overland haul to the European industrial centres. There is no reason why the limits of Japanese commercial influence should be drawn much east of the Urals.

But has Japan the coal supplies requisite to a great industry? Her own coal resources are meagre, indeed, though by no means negligible, since they yield about thirty million tons a year. It is, however, to be borne in mind that China has enormous coal reserves, exceeding by one third or more the entire coal reserves of all Europe. And much of this coal is easily accessible to Japan. The coal measures of Shan-si province, perhaps the richest in the world, lie within three hundred miles of tide water on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, whence the steaming distance to Nagasaki is less than 1,200 miles. Assuming efficient transportation, it ought not to cost much more to convey Shan-si coals to Nagasaki than to convey West Virginia coals to industrial New England. The coal mines of Shantung, which appear to be very rich, are even more accessible to Japan. And the cost of raising the coal from the pit ought to be much less than in America or Europe, once the industry is properly organized.

It is to be doubted whether it would ever pay Japan to make pig iron, or even raw steel, out of coal and ores assembled on her soil from the Chinese and Siberian mainland. Ore and coal are found in close proximity in Shan-si province and elsewhere in China, and these would appear to be the natural points for the grosser part of the metallurgical industry. But there is no reason whatever why the more highly elaborated metallurgical manufactures, hardware, machinery, etc., which depend for their value more on labor and skill than on raw materials, should not thrive in Japan. And it is the presence of such manufactures, not the grosser forms, that bear a vital relation to general industry.

Economic geography presents no barriers in the way of Japan's rising to the position of one of the chief industrial powers of the world. In so far as she must draw raw materials from across the Pacific, as cotton, and for a time, copper and iron and steel, or through the Suez Canal, as potash and chemical materials, she is handicapped by costs of transportation. But in so far as she sells the finished products to the Asiatic mainland, she enjoys a more than proportionate advantage. In developing markets, such as those of China and Siberia will be for several generations, competitive position depends in large part on the ability of the producer to determine exactly what qualities are wanted, and to make prompt deliveries. Japan can be thousands of miles ahead of her western competitors, in these respects. And in so far as the raw material for Japanese industry is drawn from the Asiatic mainland, as most of it should be in the near future, all the factors in the situation will cooperate in favoring Japan.

But is it not possible that political geography may frustrate the advantages that economic geography would confer on Japan? What if China rose to commanding military power and adopted a policy of self-sufficient nationalism, thus cutting off both Japan's coal supply and her chief market? What if Russia adopted a similar policy? Then the outlook for Japan would be dark indeed. But these contingencies need only to be stated to exhibit their inherent improbability. China is so vast, so imbued with age-old localism and individualism, that only a prolonged series of indignities and injuries could sting her into a national consciousness that would make the inconveniences and deprivations of a selfsufficient regime tolerable. Russia and Siberia will sooner or later stand revealed as a vast peasant democracy, or a loose aggregation of virtually autonomous peasant communities, naturally hostile to any commercial policy that stands in the way of exchange of agricultural surplus for needed industrial products. There is

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no probability that Japan, if she pursues a policy of good will, can ever be cut off in time of peace from her Asiatic markets and sources of raw materials. What might happen in war is beyond calculation. But Japan is not in a dangerously exposed position. With the collapse of Tsaristic Russia the only serious menace to Japan's security in the Far East disappeared. And Japan has no real conflict of interest with the western Powers out of which wars might be expected to spring.

Fundamentally it rests with Japan whether she will make herself a great industrial nation and solve her problem of poverty without resort to the debilitating and ultimately futile policy of mass emigration. It might be supposed that the Japanese recognize the opportunity that lies before them and are bending every effort to realize on it. But to western observers that does not appear to be the case. Japanese policy seems to be based on the sort of militaristic preconceptions that hampered German commerce and industry in time of peace and brought them to ruin through war, rather than on far sighted economic calculations. Nothing else will explain the colossal blunders in economic statecraft represented by Japan's recent Chinese and Siberian policies.

The preoccupation of the western industrial Powers with production for war had given Japan an amazing chance of establishing her commercial goodwill throughout China. By her reduction of Kiao Chao Japan had placed herself in a position to stand forth as China's protector against the assaults of the western Powers, thus fortifying her commercial goodwill beyond estimation. Instead she chose to assume the role of China's despoiler, outdoing even the Prussians in her exhibition of greed and brutality. In consequence she encountered a Chinese boycott, whose influence in damping the desire for trade with Japan will not disappear for many years. Again, when the Russian revolution had transformed Siberia into a loosely knit confederation of Zemstvo republics, neither Tsaristic nor Bolshevik, with a vigorous cooperative organization capable of carrying on an active trade eastward over the still intact Trans-Siberian line, and when Japan might have won lasting gratitude if she had exerted her influence against the insane interventionist dream of the western Powers, she chose instead to make herself the chief enemy of the Russian people, in the hope of winning a little territorial loot that could never conceivably offset the value of the trade with Russian territory beyond the reach of soldiers.

No economic-geographical advantages can overcome the handicap of such a policy as that. But it is not reasonable to suppose that Japanese policy will continue in the future to exhibit the same pattern. It is not specifically Japanese, but an importation from the old Germany that has been crushed for her overvaluation of force in the every day affairs of men. It was a Germany in which the theory of force as applied to commercial relations was more brutal than the practice. The political scientists and statesmen at home talked of trade victories won by threats and the sword; the German commercial agents abroad won the victories in practice not by force but by the careful cultivation of the goodwill of their customers. The latter part of the German lesson the Japanese seem not to have learned, as yet. But as more liberal theories come to permeate the commercial policies of the western world, they will doubtless affect the policies of Japan as well. And when that time comes, we may expect to see Japanese commerce and industry advance magnificently. There will then be no more of a problem of Japanese emigration, than of German emigration before the war? Individual Japanese will still desire to go to other lands, but they will no longer be regarded as a menace, since they will not be the precursors of a limitless flood that might sweep away all the dykes between the western laborer and pristine poverty.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Voices in the Fog

IT was a clean gray fog, but immortally cold, and the spirits who wandered through it were chilled to what used to be the bone. Wrapt in white sheets, this lonely gentry had no other mission than to meander aimlessly around. They had been laid off permanently, and there was nothing anywhere for them to do. They did not even have to kill time, because time, like themselves, was already dead. All they could do was to meditate in the unearthly fog on the life from which they were removed. Sometimes with melancholy patience they remembered the pleasant hearthfires of the life which they had quitted. They remembered with faraway acceptance the pattern of a many-paned window traced by the sunlight on the floor. But these simple and ardent realities could no longer stir them. The fog penetrated them, and they harmlessly drifted around.

It was customary, however, when two spirits collided in the blankness, for a mild conversation to follow the encounter, and so it was on the morning of which I speak.

"Pardon!"

"You will excuse *me*."

"To whom do I speak? What is your name?"

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"Oh, I—my name was Tom."

"So? Mine was Bill."

"Tom and Bill! Plain people."

"Oh, I don't know. I had a fairly big position once in the old life."

"So did I. What kind of a job did you hold down, Tom?"

"Well, they don't like me to talk about it here. They told me in the office when I came down that I'd better keep pretty quiet for the first hundred years or so."

"Tact. Secret diplomacy. That's what they told me too."

" 'Secret diplomacy'! Where did you ever hear those words of mine?"

"My dear man, those words haunted me for weeks before I lost my big job—"

"Bill! Is it possible I'm speaking to—"

"Yes, Tom. I've been expecting to run into you some day down here, and I've looked forward to a chat with you. Let's walk to and fro, but you'd better hang on to my nightie or we'll lose each other for twenty years more."

"You bet we'll hang on to each other. Where'll we begin Bill, where'll we begin? I'm so tired of talking to Hittites and early Christian Martyrs and those extraordinary Renaissance people. It's pleasant to meet a civilized man who has a few interests in common."

"Thank you, Tom. I suppose we'll have to talk about the war. But it's no use, as you know, to try any teeth-talk down here. We're condemned to sincerity."

"That's why I'm glad I ran into you. All those years in life I had a very bad style—"

"No worse than mine, Tom."

"No, Bill, no worse than yours. We both had public utterance in its worst form. You were chock-full of Wagnerian opera, and I was chock-full of Edmund Burke. What bunk I talked. I called conscription "volunteering in mass." That was the kind of an honest man I was. But you know what it's like to be a public man. You have no more control over your own destiny than your wife can control the goods she sends to be dyed. Every time you speak you involve somebody, and before breakfast he comes around to tell you what he thinks you should think. And when you've fought him off, another fellow arrives. And so on. And before you get through dealing with the army and the navy and congress and the cabinet and the farmers and the chambers of commerce and the bankers and the labor unions you've been driven to invent a kind of rhetoric that's no more like ordinary speech than a vaudeville artist's trick shirt is like the ordinary everyday shirt you used to tuck into your trousers in the good old days."

"Tom, it's true. Of course you know they had me completely bamboozled. I never had a chance. I was something of a fool, I admit. My grandmother loaded me up with all sorts of silly ideas, and I got into the way of chucking an imperial bluff. It seemed to me so natural after watching the Durbar and the Diamond Jubilee and the rest of the imperial game. I had a big family, and they were very ambitious and obstreperous. And no one ever proved to me that there was no patent buffer at the end of the track. I felt sure that we could talk wolf and shout wolf, but I never really believed they were such fools as to let the wolf loose. That's the worst of army men and navy men. Their whole careers depend on the wolf being let loose. They ought to receive reduced pay in time of war. But they know that war means promotion and more pay and loot and sport and adventure. Why, an ambitious man can gain anything he hankers for by the chances of war. He can found a dynasty, with a bit of luck, and pull in untold wealth and prestige and power. That's the gamble they used me for. And the more discipline they'd endured, the worse they were to handle. I assure you, Tom, I had a dog's life."

"We didn't used to think so, Bill."

"Of course not. You took the ordinary newspaper accounts of me, the inspired interviews and speeches and so on. But you know perfectly well that those speeches were forced on me. I didn't write them. I only acted them out, like a Shakespearean performer. And the newspapers! You know enough about journalism to realize that a public man is a vast quavering shadow depending on the manipulation of journalism in relation to his actual figure. I'm not speaking of lies, but of the clever distortion of existing fact. Even when I took a bullying attitude toward the Socialists or blustered about the navy, they made it infinitely worse by magnifying it. And that is the way Europe fell into the soup."

Silence came on the two linked spirit. The cool fog chilled even their clasped hands.

"Bill," said Tom, as they decided to turn, "what is at the centre of politics? Is it skin after skin, like an onion, but with no kernel inside? Is it just a succession of appearances, and nothing more?"

"I don't get the drift of your question, Tom."

"Well, I'm puzzled by your plight and my plight in public office. We both had the same pose of leadership, if I may put it that way. But were we really leading our people anywhere, or merely marking time? What is there for a Ruler to do?"

"That is the question of synthesis, isn't it,

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Tom? Can a Ruler make a real picture out of all these blobs and smears of color? I suppose he can. I suppose that's what he's there for. He has the palette in his hand. But the truth is, the real instrument in his hands is simply the orchestra baton. He can't treat his people as objects, only as forces that can be induced to dominate or subordinate, stand out by themselves or combine. And this must come from a common faith. . . . . Oh, dear, I feel an attack of rhetoric coming on."

"Yes, Bill, I'll go as far as 'common faith'. You need that in the dental chair as well as on the throne. But what is there for politics to do? To supervise world-housekeeping, or to do something more romantic? How about 'glory'?"

"That is what the army and navy feed on. Glory! Meaning the pomp and circumstance of war. But man must have glory or he's a mere dumpling. You agree?"

"Yes. Moral glory, glory consistent with Christian ethics, glory—"

"Here now. I preached Christian ethics long before you got your pulpit. Of course, Christian ethics. Call them Christian economics, which is what ethics are. Spiritual hygiene—that's all it is. But you can be violent and hygienic as well as placid and hygienic. And what sort of dangerous adventure do you provide?"

"The pursuit of perfection—physical or psychical—is always dangerous."

"Well, Tom, that's the problem that statecraft hasn't solved. I tried it, but the army and navy ran away with it. You tried it, in your brief hour of responsibility, and you were dished by the opportunists."

"I had a bigger idea than you had, Bill."

"It covered more ground, Tom, but I had built up a much sounder nation than yours, a much better instrument of national will. If you had had as good an instrument as mine, you'd have beaten the opportunists."

"I had immense goodwill behind me."

"Yes, but no locomotive to harness the goodwill. Of course I understand, Tom, your real feeling about *my* nation. You think it was dragooned. Perhaps it was. But how long do you suppose that your nation can go on behaving like a baby that crumples his crackers on to the floor? Not forever. And just that recklessness invites all the parasites in the world. My nation, at any rate, knows everything except how to be graceful and spirituelle. Your nation knows nothing. It is good-natured, but its igorance is vast, cruel and destructive. It is more wasteful than war."

"You believe this?"

"As one damned soul to another! But now I must leave you. The fog is in my throat. Farewell, Tom."

"Good-bye, Bill. But we'll meet again."

F. H.

Russian Impressions

VI. The Two Revolutions

WHEN I returned from Russia, I noticed that the questions of my friends were framed on two distinct models. Some would open our first conversation with the query "Well, must we go and do likewise?" Others would inquire "Will the Bolsheviks survive?" The two types of question reveal very distinct lines of approach to the Russian problem, and the time has come to sum up my answers. The former question was rarely present to my own thoughts. On my reading of history, volition and choice play a comparatively small part in the making of revolutions. If ever a day should come when the British Empire lies in ruins; if our fleets have been shattered, without the glory even of a great defence; if our rulers and statesmen have been overwhelmed by scandal and shame; if working men and women must take their stand in the bread queues at midnight, to secure the bare chance of receiving a loaf for the next day's breakfast, then indeed, the question, whether we shall make a revolution, will be urgent and actual. But in that day it will matter little how we answer it. The agitator who desires revolution will be a passive thing borne along by the flood, and the philosopher who would withstand it, a bubble on its froth. Until a state begins to near these conditions of moral and economic collapse, to discuss the gains and losses of revolution is an academic exercise, and to preach it, is to waste one's labor, if it be nothing worse.

WILL THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION SPREAD?

The Russians, themselves, hardly realize how peculiar were the conditions in which their revolution succeeded. The industrial population helped them, because it was starving. The peasants helped them because they wanted land. The army helped them, because it was defeated, and war-weary. Even in Central Europe, where there is the same semi-starvation, and the same psychology of defeat, I incline to think the success of a social revolution unlikely, firstly, because a mercenary army has been substituted for the nation in arms, and secondly because the peasantry is law-abiding. Even when, as in Italy, both moral and economic conditions favor revolution, it is barely thinkable, for the obvious reason that Italy would go under in two or three months for lack of coal and corn. One might go on accumulating circumstances which destroy any possible parallel. What comparison can there be, between the mentality of the unlettered Russian peasant, himself the son or grandson of a serf, his mind a cultural blank into which any propaganda may be poured,

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and the English workman whose family traditions, and habits of thought have been fixed in church and state by three centuries of liberal teaching?

The man who would base his tactics in America, England or France, on Russian experience, must be innocent alike of history, economics and geography. If a break ever comes in our smooth constitutional development, then, it seems to me, we should do well to think out our own problems entirely afresh. The Russian parallel is so peculiar, that any attempt to model ourselves upon it, could only mislead.

"IT ISN'T OUR MOSCOW."

The Communist Revolution in Russia was, to my thinking, the desperate effort of a society in the last stages of dissolution and despair, to reconstruct itself upon a new foundation. Its motive force was a social instinct of self-preservation, which asserted itself with growing strength, as the early phase of wreckage and struggle was outlived. How near this misgoverned Russian society was to despair, even before the war had shattered the autocracy, I was always learning from the acquaintances that I made. An able man, by profession an historian, told me of an experience in Moscow towards the end of 1914. A hired, hooligan, "Truly Russian" mob had set fire to the shops and houses of German residents, and the conflagration threatened to spread. He appealed to some genuine workmen in the street to join him in helping to put it out. "It will burn down our Moscow," he said to them. "It is'nt our Moscow," was the answer, and the men watched the flames, motionless and indifferent to the danger. A little later, he was travelling in the country, and tried to raise the peasants to a patriotic sense of the issues of war. Again and again, and in different places, he received much the same answer: "The Tsar may be a good man: we don't know him. But the men round him are corrupt and worthless. As for the Germans, we have all seen them at work. They are orderly, industrious and honest. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad thing, if they should come here and clean things up for us." That was before the period of defeat, and it shows the Russian apathy, the lack of confidence, the absence of any sense that one's country is one's own.

THE INEVITABLE REVOLUTION.

With the winter of 1916-1917, the economic collapse had set in. Transport was already breaking down, and as the railways failed to carry food to the towns, that semi-starvation began, which has continued ever since. Nor was it patiently borne. The speculators rioted in luxury, and in the gray dawn the weary workmen in the bread queues saw the insolence of the rich returning from their balls. The blockade (at this stage a German blockade) was already doing its work, and nails, screws, saws and farmer's tools were becoming scarce, dear and even unobtainable. Industry was disorganized, because the cry of "all for the war" had converted it to munition work with a recklessness which other belligerents, with greater resources, avoided. The ruin which has made Petrograd a city of the dead, had already gone far, for it had ceased to be a port, and its normal supplies of sea-borne coal and cotton were cut off. The downward rush of the ruble on the Exchange had set in, while the mark was still a valuable coin. When to these material conditions were added the shame of defeat, the demoralization of the army, and the sickening scandal of the Court, revolution and even social revolution became inevitable.

Everything in history, the reader may retort, is inevitable, but let us, for argument's sake, vary the accidental factors. If the Allies had not driven Russia into the disastrous offensive of July, if Kerensky had been a stronger, or Lenin a more scrupulous man, were social revolution and civil war really "inevitable"? I think they were, and I believe that they were latent in the agrarian position, apart altogether from the folly of the Allies, the weakness of Kerensky, and the violence of Lenin. The peasant masses were bent on owning the land and enlarging their miserable holdings. They had shown this clearly in 1905, and under Kerensky they had already begun in some places to drive unpopular landlords out. All the parties of the left were pledged to the immediate nationalization of the land, and all of them refused even to consider the question of compensation for the owners.

THE FIGHT FOR THE LAND.

I often wonder whether Allied statesmen, soldiers and editors who conspire in Paris and London with Social Revolutionaries, and talk of Mensheviks as respectable moderates, realize that neither of these parties had in their programs, their speeches, their press or their drafts of legislation, a whit more respect for the sanctity of private property, at all events in land, than the Bolsheviks themselves. Indeed the agrarian law which they enforced, had actually been drafted by the Social Revolutionary Centre leader, Victor Tchernoff, and was rapidly passed by the Constituent Assembly during its few hours of life. Now in Russia the only property which matters much, is land, and to dispossess the landlord class uncompensated was in itself to make a revolution. If Lenin had behaved with the utmost constitutional propriety, Russia would none the less have been by the early months of 1918 in the full tide of agrarian revolution.

But, at least, the reader may object, violence would have been avoided. Violence also was inevitable. The Kolchaks and the Wrangels, be it remembered, were very much alive at this date. The first of them, Korniloff, had preceded Lenin in his attempt at a coup d' état. Conceive the incidents that must have followed the sudden application of this sweeping law in an anarchic country—and Russia was much more disorderly, much less policed under Kerensky, than it is today. There would have been the same jacquerie, and the same flight of a desperate, penniless landed class to the towns. Would Kolchak, who dissolved the remains of the Constituent Assembly in Siberia, and shot several of its members, have hesitated to do as much in Russia? The dispossessed aristocracy would have fought Kerensky as gladly as it fought Lenin. It did not fight for democracy. It fought for land.

"Granted so much," the reader may go on, "but at least Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries would not have laid their hands on Russian industry, as the Bolsheviks did, and the present economic ruin would have been avoided." Even that is doubtful, for in the cities the workmen had created their factory committees and were struggling for control, long before the October revolution. The Mensheviks accept in principle the doctrine of the proletarian dictatorship. I fail to see how any professedly Socialist party could nationalize land, and still treat private property in factories as sacred. On that issue the Social Revolutionaries, the biggest party in the Assembly, would probably have split, as they have since done, into three irreconcilable factions, the left virtually Communist, and the right practically Liberal.

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But once more, the decay of industry was a fatal consequence of the agrarian policy. The most obvious and grievous cause of the breakdown in Russia today is the shortage of labor, even more than the lack of fuel or raw materials. Mobilization for the civil and Polish wars is partly to blame, but the chief cause of it is that the industrial workmen have gone home to their villages. Why? The usual answer is that only in the villages is there plenty of food. That is only part of the truth, and it is a consequence of a more important fact. The other half of the answer is that the Russian industrial worker is not by choice, or ancestry, or long habit a townsman. He prefers village life. He never relinquished his claim to the patch of land on which he had failed to live. The moment that the Revolution promised him an enlarged holding on which he could live, he began to quit his slums and his barrack dwellings, to return to the land.

Russian industry had existed on the basis of the penury of village life. It was the exactions of landlord and taxgatherer and the scarcity of land which drove the surplus peasant population into the towns. The factory was bound to feel the effects of the revolution in the village. If no one had talked "Dictatorship," if no one had expropriated the factory owners, the main economic phenomena of today would still have been apparent. There would have been the same diminished output from the towns, and the same reluctance of the peasants to give something for nothing. Freed from their tribute to the towns, or to the class which gravitates to the towns, they would have been no less reluctant to sell good food for bad paper.

Exactly the same phenomenon may be studied in central Europe. The surplus food would have gone abroad, and the Russian towns would have found their condition of semi-famine only aggravated. Russia would have become a colony exporting food and raw materials, and importing from the west the things which its industry could no longer produce. Russian industry was always an artificial creation, fenced by high tariffs, located in the most absurd places far from the sources of fuel and materials, and surviving only because the landless peasantry gave it an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor. The agrarian revolution struck at its roots.

EARLY COMMUNIST ADVANTAGES.

This strange chapter of the Russian Revolution, as it unfolds itself to me, is then the story of an inevitable agrarian upheaval, with a no less inevitable civil war and the decline of industry as its sequels. My firm belief is that under Communist rule the anarchy and suffering of this transition period have been combated, in some respects with relative success, by the Communists, where every other party would have failed. True, they challenged the hostility of the Allies and the whole capitalist world more recklessly than any other party would have done. On the other hand, after meeting some of the leaders of the other parties, I find myself wholly unable to imagine their survival even for a few months, under half the dangers and the miseries which the Communists have surmounted during three years. The Menshevik leaders, whose party was never large and never touched the peasants, are men of obvious sincerity and noble if somewhat passive courage, able theorists, and shrewd if negative critics, but they seemed to me to lack entirely the daemonic will, the driving force, and the constructive power of their rivals. The Social Revolutionaries were, in their early and more admirable phase, sentimentalists and idealists with a dreamy Socialistic nationalism, and a queer Slav trick of idealizing the peasant: as they gained power and popularity they were swamped by an opportunist element, and their big party lost its unity.

It was not merely the strong and reckless will, and the firm discipline of the Communists which gave them their advantage. They had the better strategic position. They had the majority (as the Constituent Assembly election proved) in the two capitals, in the northern armies and in north and central Russia generally. The concentrated industrial population followed them. They controlled, in short, the centres of power, and the vital routes of communication, and when it came to civil war, they could fight on "internal lines." The Social Revolutionaries, apart from their disunion, and their poor leadership, had to rely on a peasant following scattered in the villages, which they could not mobilize, and their main strength lay in the outlying provinces of the Empire, remote from each other and the centre. The Communists, then, were alone able to hold the centre, and from this base, they have gradually recovered the fringes of Russia.

A GENUINE PROLETARIAN PARTY.

Their main advantage, however, in grappling with the economic problem, lay in the fact that they are, in spite of the good education and even gentle birth of a few of their leaders, a genuine proletarian party, as the others are not. They are doing things today which no Tsar and certainly no Kerensky dare even have conceived. They have introduced the principle of labor conscription in order to drag the skilled workmen out of the villages, and to keep them in the factories. They, even, in some munition factories impose some hours of compulsory overtime. They deal drastically with strikes, pay by piece rates and make the life of the lazy workman a burden to him. It is an unamiable task. It can be defended only as a means of social self-preservation in the direst of extremities. It is the action of a ship's captain on a wreck, who draws his revolver to control the crew. It is possible for the Bolsheviks to do it, only because their title to be the party of the workers is unquestionable. It could not be done, if any vestige of private profit survived in industry. It can be done only because the Bolsheviks have visibly abolished all the privileges of the rich, and won the gratitude of the workers by such measures as their housing policy. These emergency remedies are not Communism. They are harsh expedients, designed to cope with a hideous crisis, which only a party of working men could possibly have imposed upon the mass of working men.

WHAT DEMOCRACY WOULD MEAN IN RUSSIA.

The Bolsheviks have, in their tremendous adventure, entirely discarded democracy as the west understands it. I question whether any party could have ridden the storm of the agrarian revolution and the civil war, with the ruin caused by the world-war as its scene, without departing widely from the principles and practice of democracy. I think it unlikely that the Constituent Assembly, with its many violently hostile groups, could have been welded into a workable governing chamber. A coalition would have been powerless for energetic action. But let us ask ourselves frankly what we mean by democracy in such a country as Russia. One may mean, of course, that certain groups of intellectuals, clever, well-educated, and

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gifted with the power of speech, should somehow use the machinery of elections in order to guide the state in accordance with their own more or less enlightened ideas. That is not democracy, though it may respect democratic forms. In quiet and normal times, amid relative prosperity, if no violent left or right wing groups had undermined the moderates, they might perhaps have managed to rule on their own lines with a show of liberalism.

But the convinced democrat must surely mean more than this. Allow what you will for the leadership of the better educated groups, and the inspiration of exceptional men, the main lines of your policy must have some affinity with the mind of the numerous mass. In England the three organized parties may think a little more actively and a little more rigidly than the average elector, but there is no wide gap, and no sheer contradiction between them and him. His ideas, rather more sharply formulated, are their ideas. Nothing of this kind is possible in Russia, with its illiterate peasant mass, living in the ignorance and the superstition of the Middle Ages.

If democracy means giving the majority the sort of government which it really wants, that government would have been neither Menshevik, nor Bolshevik, neither Social Revolutionary, nor "Cadet," nor yet Tsarist. A genuine peasant program would certainly have included peace, and that at any price. It would then have demanded not land nationalization, but the division of the land and peasant ownership, without one ruble of compensation to the landlords. Its next plank would have been free trade in food, or in other words, the unlimited exploitation of the towns by the peasant profiteer. It would have resisted passively every sort of centralization, and every effort of the enlightened minority by pressure or encouragement to raise the standard of cultivation. I doubt if it wanted much to be done for education, and I am sure it wanted no hygienic advance. It would have persecuted the Jews, cold-shouldered the intellectuals, and cringed to the ghostly terrorism of the priests, while objecting strongly to their exactions. It would have meant the slow death of the towns and the extinction of civilization. In the end, it would have prepared Russia for colonial exploitation either by the Germans or the west. That, if the peasants had had the will or the skill to express their minds, would have been the "democratic" policy.

FROM A PEASANT RISING TO A COMMUNIST REVOLUTION.

This chapter in Russian history is puzzling, I think, both for the friends and the enemies of the Bolsheviks, because few realize the true character of their achievement. They are trying by a heroic exercise of will to turn this spontaneous Russian agrarian revolution into a western Communist revolution. Without the firm leadership of some group steeped in western ideas, we might have seen in 1917 a repetition of the traditional Russian peasant risings. Pugatcheff aimed in 1773 at creating a peasant empire, and did in fact slaughter the landlords and divide the land in wide regions of the south. The Cossacks remember him to this day, and something of the sheer destructiveness and cruelty of his movement showed itself at certain stages of this revolution. The "Socialist" or "Anarchist" brigands of the Ukraine, notably Grigorieff and Makhno are his modern successors. The Bolsheviks, who never dreamed when they made their stroke, that they could last for more than two months, aimed at first only at a tremendous proletarian demonstration, and for half a year or more were powerless to cope with sabotage in industry. The intellectuals sulked or struck, while the workmen sold the metal of the machines, and then went home to their villages. Gradually the agitator evolved into the constructive statesman; the negative, wrecking "Pugatcheff" tendency was repressed, and the more positive creative instincts of the civilized urban artisan gained the upper hand. They could triumph only by a firm dictatorship and it is essentially a dictatorship of the urban proletariat over the backward countryside.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE VILLAGE.

In one sense the Bolsheviks are not in much danger. Soviet rule runs, I should say, less risk of overthrow in the early future than parliamentary democracy in Germany or constitutional monarchy in Italy. On the other hand, the dictatorship is still a precarious adventure, because it is doubtful how far it can achieve its own constructive aims. The broad fact is, today, that alone in Russia the peasantry lives in comparative comfort and is well fed. Industry is dwindling, and the industrial proletariat lives on half-rations. Save for the few Soviet farms and the still fewer Communal farms, the land has not in any real sense been socialized. Whatever the law may say, the fact in all essentials is peasant ownership, qualified by a state monopoly of grain, which succeeds in irritating the peasants without adequately feeding the towns. The educational efforts of the Communists have made an immense and rapid advance, alike in the schools for children, the courses for adults, and the more diffused popular propaganda. But as yet only the towns enjoy these advantages to the full, and in the villages it is only the younger peasants who have been reached at all, and that chiefly in central Russia, where there was no civil war. On the whole, the village tends to independence. It is helping itself through the revival of its primitive cottage industries, and relying less and less on exchange with the towns.

In struggling by inevitably harsh measures against these tendencies, which spell collectively the ruin of urban civilization, the Communists necessarily make themselves unpopular. They may not provoke any formidable revolt; for even the Cossacks can always be subdued by artillery. Their most anxious military problem is the simmering brigandage in the Ukraine, and they have also reason to fear the assassination of their leaders. But they do, by this incessant battle to reverse the consequences latent in the agrarian revolution, overstrain their own powers of leadership, and diminish by severity the receptivity both of peasants and workmen for their doctrines. There is, none the less, a perceptible weakening of the profit-making, gain-seeking mentality of capitalist civilization, which was always feeble in Russia. Intellectuals do begin to enjoy the new opportunities for disinterested and creative social service. Communist officials are, on the average, moved mainly by this motive. Even the more advanced peasants, as they group themselves for cultivation or for home industries in cooperative "artels," are moving away from the old system of individualism and personal gain. Youth is eagerly embracing the new ideas, at all events in the towns, and there is in them an astonishing rush to enjoy the new opportunities of culture, especially on its aesthetic side.

FRANCE'S IMPLACABLE VENDETTA.

The immediate future depends, as everyone realizes, mainly on the restoration of peace and trade. If France, in pursuit of her implacable vendetta, is allowed to go on, year after year, hiring and equipping fresh enemies to at-

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tack Russia, she will inflict incalculable injury on its population and may bring its struggling civilization to ruin, but I do not believe that she will attain her end. The survival for many months of a Tsarist or semi-Tsarist regime, even if a military victory could restore it, is for me unthinkable. The peasants will not pay for the land they enjoy, while the moral inferiority of the self-indulgent Whites to the puritan Reds would not be altered by a momentary success. Even a stable Tsarism could not repay the French debt, however much it might recognize it.

WITH PEACE, THE REAL WORK WILL BEGIN.

If on the other hand these subsidized attacks cease, then for the first time the Communists will have a fair chance of restoring industry. The problem of management is now solved, and the discipline of most factories is as good as it can be with half-fed workers. Industry will be demobilized, and what it produced for the army, can be used instead to buy food for the workers. With the ample and punctual rationing of the industrial workers, their output will increase, and the difficulty of keeping them in the factories will diminish. The townsmen will be better fed, the countrymen better clothed, and the general increase of comfort will allay discontent. As the armies are disbanded, the return of the youthful population, which almost alone in Russia has will and ideas, must revive every department of production and education. This year's failure of the crops, especially if it means a deficiency of seed, will certainly create an appalling problem. But since food will be short even in the villages of central Russia, the workmen may be less reluctant to return to the towns, and the peasants more willing to listen to good advice in the matter of cultivation and cooperation.

LENIN'S SCHEME FOR ELECTRIFICATION.

The revival of trade will have its dangers for Communism, as well as its advantages. To import tools of all kinds, from locomotives downwards, will be an unmixed gain. But if Moscow is tempted to ease its own difficulties by importing manufactured articles which might be made in Russia, it may itself succumb to the worst consequences of the agrarian revolution. If it allows industry to decay, and relies on imports, it will lose in the end the none too numerous proletariat in which its rule is based. The admission of the capitalistic concession-holder will make a grave breech in Communist theory, and may also create new rallying points for the opposition, more dangerous than the armed camps of the Whites. The hope of any really big reorganization of production in Russia depends on schemes which as yet the Communists have lacked the means to develop. They have plans for transferring industries to districts nearer to the raw materials and the coal. They have other schemes for specializing agricultural production in accordance with climate and soil, which of course presuppose a perfected transport system. Above all, there is Lenin's vision, which he has begun on a small scale to realize, of the complete electrification of Russian agriculture, industry and railways, with peat as its basis. Peat is a poor fuel, and the distances are immense. I am not capable of judging the technical promise of this scheme. Its political attraction is clearly, that it would, by a sort of instantaneous magic, break down the individualist agriculture and the individualist mentality of the Russian peasant. Cultivation by electrically driven machines would mean the swift end of the primitive two-field holding, and the universal adoption of the big cooperative or communal farm. On this scheme, or on more modest variants of it, hangs the future of the Revolution. The introduction even of horse-drawn machinery, if there were enough of it, would have the same social effect. But Russia cannot be a Socialist commonwealth while the mass of her population lives by individualistic peasant husbandry. The agrarian revolution has yet to be transformed into the Communist revolution. The abler leaders understand the problem clearly, and their schemes seem well fitted to solve it.

HOW MUCH POWER WILL THE COMMUNISTS SURRENDER?

On the political, as on the economic side, the future of the Revolution depends no less clearly on internal and external peace. It will go to ruin, intellectually and morally, unless freedom of discussion, and a reasonable license for loyal political activities, are soon introduced. No sane government would allow full scope for agitation against itself by political adversaries during civil war, and so long as the atmosphere of civil war prevails, the dictatorship will continue. There are grave faults on both sides. The Social Revolutionaries assisted Kolchak, and even the lesson of that experience did not prevent some of them from transferring their support to Denikin and Wrangel. They retain, moreover, their old habit of political assassination, cultivated during Tsarist days. The Mensheviks have been much wiser, and incomparably more loyal to their own ideal of moderate socialism, but even they confine themselves to protests, complaints and negative criticism. If the Bolsheviks are intolerant and despotic, it is also true that the opposition has been neither helpful nor constructive. In times of danger and suffering, an opposition which would deserve confidence, must gain it by showing positively, that the adoption of certain measures and the avoidance of others would lead to results which all desire.

With peace and time the dictatorship may grow milder. It has achieved its negative purpose by destroying the capitalist system. In the task of building up, there is no longer a valid reason for refusing the cooperation of every group which will work loyally for the future of the Socialist state. I doubt, however, whether the Communist party is likely to surrender voluntarily even the least of the outposts by which it maintains its monopoly of power. It is true to say of it, that its mind has been formed by a quasi-religious fanaticism. The astonishing fact is, however, that with this doctrinaire starting-point, it has none the less, shown itself under Lenin's leadership so adaptable, that its Russian critics in the other Socialist parties scoff at its compromises. The new system of one man management in industry, the high rewards paid to specialists and the discrimination in wages between the more and the less indispensable kinds of labor, based in reality on demand, to say nothing of the big concessions offered to foreigners, are all of them expedients which show how little rigidity there is in Lenin's application of his doctrines. The Communist party will not be easily displaced, nor do I see a party fit to displace it. On the other hand, its present discipline can hardly preserve its unity for ever, for there are sharply divergent tendencies within it. In the long run, the rapid progress of education in Russia is the guarantee that the form of representative government will become a reality, as the masses gain in knowledge and experience.

A GIGANTIC EFFORT OF CREATION.

I am closing these articles without an attempt to estimate the general value of the Communist system, as we

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may see it in Russia. Its form is too little fixed, its realization as yet too sketchy for such a valuation. To judge Communism by its actual achievement in Russia, with an illiterate and primitive population as its human material, and the wreckage of war, civil war and blockade for its scene, is what no rational man would do, unless he were heated by passion or fear. One might as well judge capitalism by the misery of Poland or the depression of Esthonia.

I will, however, record the personal impression which these two months in Russia made upon me. In spite of the physical misery, most of it due to war, in spite of much intolerance and much callousness, both of them habitual in Russia, I had the sense that I was watching a gigantic effort of creation. The struggle of this shaping Communist ideal to master its recalcitrant material, was to me all the more impressive, because I felt beneath it the presence of the other tendency, the wrecking, destructive mutiny of a Slav peasantry. The positive work of the Revolution, whether one saw it in the factory, the farm or the school, is an epic triumph, not only over foreign enemies and the armed reaction, but also over these darker forces in the untaught Russian soil. Squalor there may be, and poverty, and yet I think that this Revolution will live to vindicate itself in history, as the greatest effort of the constructive political will, since the French made an end of feudalism.

A MONUMENT TO THE HUMAN WILL.

Liberal democracy is not in itself a creative or architectural principle. What it does is to keep the arena in which contemporary forces struggle for opportunity. Among these forces our own civilization has thrown up as yet none which can compare in efficacy with the egoistic motive of private gain. In Russia a social principle, has, by violence indeed, and a contemptuous disregard of democracy, made for itself an opportunity, which it uses with masterful will. It has broken the power of wealth to control men's lives. It is acting, even when it coerces them, for the sole good of the masses. It is making, even if it be destined to overthrow, a superb monument to the human will. To evolve a victorious army from an invertebrate rabble, to rouse a lazy and apathetic nation, amid poverty and suffering, to a task which demanded an almost insane courage, to conceive the daring ambition of making a ruling caste out of young unschooled workmen, was in itself an act of audacity to which time has no parallel.

Beyond the bravery of this struggle there lies a much vaster design—to change the entire economic structure of this half-continent, and with it the mind of a race. There are those who believe that initiative, ambition and the creative will are evoked only by the hope of personal gain. Here is initiative, here is the will to reshape and create, on a scale to which all our civilization together offers no parallel. Its actual achievement will be hampered by the original poverty and intellectual immaturity of Russia; it may be frustrated by the criminal enmity of western politicians. I will sum up what I have seen of its tendency in one sentence. It is, in a land where a feeble and dilatory civilization had touched as yet only a minute minority of a gifted population, a great and heroic attempt to shorten the dragging march of time, to bring culture to a whole nation, and to make a cooperative society, where a predatory despotism had prepared the general ruin in the act of suicide.

H. N. Brailsford.

VERSE

Medlars and Sorb-Apples

I love you, rotten.
Delicious rottenness!

I love to suck you out from your skin
So brown and soft and coming suave,
So morbid, as the Italians say.

What a rare, powerful, complex flavor
Comes out of your falling through the stages of decay,
Stream within stream!

Something of the same flavor as Syracusan muscat wine
Or vulgar Marsala.

Though even the word Marsala will smack of preciosity
Now in the pussy-foot West.

What is it?
What is it in the grape turning raisin,
In the medlar, in the sorb-apple,
Wineskins of brown morbidity,
Autumnal excrementa,
What is it that reminds us of white gods?

Gods, nude as blanched nut-kernels,
Strangely, half-sinisterly fragrant
As if with sweat,
And drenched with mystery?

Sorb-apples, medlars with dead crowns.

I say, death was one of their intricate experiences,
Intricate going asunder.
A kiss, and a vivid spasm of farewell, a moment's orgasm of rupture,
Then along the damp road alone, till the next turning.
And there, another parting, a new partner, a new unfusing into twain,
A new gasp, of isolation, intense,
A new pungency of loneliness, among the decaying, frost-cold leaves;
Going down the road, more alone after each meeting,
The fibres of the heart parting one after the other,
And yet the soul continuing, naked-footed, ever more vividly embodied,
Ever more exquisite, distilled in separation.

So in the strange retorts of sorb-apple and medlars
The distilled potion of departure,
The exquisite fragrance of farewell. Jamque vale!
The secret of Orpheus and Hades.

Each soul departing in its own essence,
Never having known its own essence before.

Oh medlars, Oh sorb-apples,
Sweeter than sweet,
You excrementa of autumn,
Sucked out of your empty bladders,
And savored, perhaps, with a sip of Marsala,
So that the withering, morbid grape can add its refrain to yours.
Farewell, and farewell, and farewell.

D. H. Lawrence.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The American Chamber to Prevent Russian Commerce

SIR: The other day in the Commons, a member of Parliament sarcastically requested "to have the regulation of all Churches placed in the hands of prominent atheists and non-churchgoers and the regulation of maternity homes in the hands of ascetic bachelors and silly cranks." As a jocular suggestion, this may be humorous,—as a real fact, it is indeed amusing.

There exists in New York, an organization, under the name of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, whose purpose is to foster and facilitate trade with Russia. Yet this "church" and "maternity home" of the Russian Trade is in the hands of notorious trade-atheists and non-believers, and is dominated by ascetic trade-bachelors and fanatic cranks. Its general manager and executive vice-president as well as the editor of its bulletin is Mr. Jerome Landfield, the eloquent advocate of all the disastrous and stupid blunders, which are known under the ill-famed name of The Allied Policy Towards Russia.

Mr. Landfield is an obstinate and uncompromising enemy of resumption of relations with Russia in any form or shape. In his publication, in correspondence, in articles and speeches, he ridicules and denounces every attempt to begin trade with Russia; he mutilates and distorts facts; he misrepresents and slanders; he accuses of Bolshevism and abuses anyone who expresses the slightest sympathy with resumption of intercourse with Russia; and, in general, he uses all possible means, legitimate and questionable, to prevent restoration of Russian trade.

I happen to disagree with his views on the Russian situation, but I shall not abuse Mr. Landfield, nor question his honesty, nor denounce him a salaried agent and spokesman of the Russian monarchists,—in short, I shall not treat Mr. Landfield to some of his own ugly and distasteful medicine.

However, as a member of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, I respectfully submit that it is preposterous and ridiculous to have a Chamber of Russian Trade run by people who are opposed to such trade. If the resumption of trade relations with Russia be impossible, undesirable and immoral, as Mr. Landfield asserts, what then might be the aim of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, besides collecting money from business men interested in Russian Trade and using these funds for propaganda to prevent such trade?

May I suggest a new name for this organization,—the American Chamber to Prevent Russian Commerce,—which would describe their present activities fairly accurately; would prevent obtaining funds under misleading pretenses; and would indicate that the gentlemen of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, while obviously lacking in vision, possess at least a certain sense of humor and respect for propriety. ISAAC J. SHERMAN.

Mrs. Austin Protests

SIR: I have been reading D. H. Lawrence in the last issue of the New Republic and am writing to protest against the impertinent illiteracy of Mr. Lippmann's comment. Mr. Lawrence as an artist of high rank was writing to artists, presumably, and actually, fairly conversant with the fundamentals of national art, and he was entitled to be answered by somebody who knew something about the subject. Since Mr. Lawrence nowhere makes any reference to the idea of the "Noble Savage," Mr. Lippmann's use of it to divert attention from his own lack of information, is inexcusable.

Instead of advising Mr. Lawrence to look at the map, where it is fairly evident that the United States is integrally a part of the American continent, Mr. Lippmann should himself have looked in some book that would have told him that Amerind culture rose to its apex in the Mexican plateau for the same sorts of reasons that our own developed in the rich Atlantic plain, that it was a fairly continuous culture, varied only by distance from the centre and local adaptations, and that Montezuma, the traditional founder of that culture, was born in what is now the United States. He might have discovered that instead of there being "nothing to start from" for a study of that culture, that the corn and potato culture which is the economic base of our own development and one of the not inconsiderable items in the rise of European peasantry from serfdom to independent farmers, was a present to us from aboriginal America.

One must accept, I suppose, as another evidence of that shallowness which is attributed abroad to American thinking, that a man in Mr. Lippmann's position would not only admit, but admit with complacence his ignorance of the fact that there exists still in the United States a remnant of that early culture achieving easily all that eastern Europe is rending itself apart to achieve in the way of social organization, where not only the advantages of communism may be studied, but the evil, already overshadowing the recent experiment in Russia. And it was the working of that evil that drove out the traditional founder of the house of Montezuma to the creation of the Aztec empire. And if Mr. Lippmann is content as a sociologist to be ignorant of these things, as a journalist how can he be ignorant of the fundamentals of Mexican culture struggling to reassert themselves in the impartially Europeanized Mexican peoples?

Except for the fact that Mr. Lawrence is writing as an artist, it would perhaps be too captious to require of Mr. Lippmann to know that there is a lusty art movement in America which is feeding itself from that top-soil of human experience deposited here by the aboriginal, and joyously accepting the same shaping forces that developed Amerind art to a point just about equal to the pre-Homeric art of Greece. But if Mr. Lippmann does not know these things, Mr. Lawrence has a right to know them. He has a right to know that all American culture is not compressed into Manhattan Island nor expressed at 421 West 21st street.

In the same issue Mr. Francis Hackett is protesting against a protest raised as to the right of himself and a small group of literary critics to speak for America. The point of that contention is made to centre about the question as to where the critic had been born, which is relatively immaterial. It seems to me, however, that the two cases are similar, and the point of both of them is the point of my protest against Mr. Lippmann's attitude. It is a protest against the attitude of a small group of thinkers residing mostly in New York, that there is no other thinking being done in the United States, at least none that they need take seriously. This is an attitude which occasionally, as in the present case, reaches a point at which it strains the natural tolerance of maturity toward youth. The New Republic may be as ignorant as it pleases of root cultures in America, and as flippant as it pleases, but it has not the right to be either ignorant or flippant on behalf of the rest of us.

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Lippmann that the United States maintains an expensive and highly efficient Bureau for the study and dissemination of facts about aboriginal culture, that "life-thread" which Mr. Lawrence advises us to pick up and spin out to its logical end. It is only the most elementary courtesy to the rest of us that things like this should be made known. MARY AUSTIN.

New York City.

Mr. Lippmann Answers

If I were as angry as Mrs. Austin was when she wrote this letter, I might now question her ability to make pronouncements on the subject of "elementary courtesy." Instead I shall deal with the argument as raised by Mr. Lawrence. It did not occur to me that he or any one else took the Back to Montezuma movement with such awful seriousness as Mrs. Austin does. I thought that he was trying to say as emphatically as he knew how that American culture should be indigenous, not borrowed. I thought I was trying to say that American culture was an organic part of western civilization, and not a graft upon the aboriginal stock.

The two concrete illustrations given by Mrs. Austin are badly selected. The first is corn and potato culture, great gifts I admit, but hardly a reason for a spiritual break with the rest of the world. The second is communism "achieved easily" by the Indians and with so much difficulty by the Europeans. Now if it pleases Mrs. Austin to think that there is any analogy except in name between communism after the Industrial Revolution and before, she is entitled to think it. But I don't think it. And even if there were a direct relation between Montezuma and Lenin, I can not see what that has to do with the question of the culture of Americans who have as little desire to follow Lenin as they have to follow Montezuma.

Finally, it *had* occurred to me that the United States maintains a Bureau of Indian Affairs, and that the researches of that bureau are of immense interest, and that a knowledge of Indian culture may be very stimulating to others, as it has been to Mrs. Austin. But organically the remains of the Indian culture have no more to do with America today than the Iliad had to do with the Sultan Abdul Hamid when he owned the site of Troy. W. L.

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Books and Things

NO doubt it was natural enough for Iris Bellamy, in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, to look backward occasionally towards the years of her pure widowhood, when she dined out, knew everybody and was somebody's ideal. As a fallen woman Iris was not a success. Therefore she could not wholly refrain from summoning up remembrance of things past, from trying on a sorrow's crown of sorrow. But didn't this craving lead her into improbable excesses? Would she ever have asked her old friend Croker Harrington if he remembered describing to her his ideal of woman? When he said he did, perfectly, wouldn't she have taken his word for it while there was still time, and changed the subject? Of course she would, for she must have known what would happen if she gave Croker his head. In the play, contrary to the probabilities, she urges him forward. "You said you asked nothing more of a woman," she asks, than "what?" And Croker is off. "Than that she should be beautiful to the eye and gentle to the ear," he says; "that her face should brighten when I entered, her hand linger in mine when I departed; that she should never allow me to hear her speak slightingly of any honest man, thereby assuring me she indulged in no contemptuous criticism of me when I was out of her company; that she should be bountiful to the poor, unafraid of the sick and unsightly, fond of dumb animals and strange children, and tearful in the presence of fine pictures and at the sound of rich music."

A speech like that is one of those enormities that not even a heart of gold, like Croker Harrington, ought to be guilty of, yet the original offense was slight in comparison with his power to retain so much prose for at least two years and with his willingness to re-recite it. For me, I remember, this was the acme of the play. At no later moment, not even when Maldonado fished the key out of the vase in the mantelpiece, did I feel so sorry for Iris, whose abandoned loneliness both exposed her to hearing such things and corrupted her taste into enjoyment of them. A modest woman, even though she were herself the subject of Croker's tirade, would have noticed his retentiveness as something pathological and alarming. Nobody but an orator or a poet ever remembers so many of his own words. It is not this kind of memory that was the mother of the muses.

Both dramatists and novelists have as a rule done this mother of the muses less than justice. They treat her with too much respect, and the result is monotonous. Happiness remembered as contrast in sorrow, past happiness recalled by lovers to heighten present happiness, first love remembered as fire from heaven or in the light of deeper fires—the categories are not many in all. The result is often also beautiful.

> For it is like to something I remember
> A great while since, a long, long time ago,

says one of Beaumont and Fletcher's heroines. And nobody old enough to have read it at the proper age can forget Thackeray's description of Ethel and Clive at Barnes Newcome's lecture: "Of course she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the hall; saw him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him, I dare say, though her eyes were shut and her head was turned now towards her mother, and now bent down on her little niece's golden curls. And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart, and present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years." The accuracy he attributes to memory is one of the marks that Thackeray has in common with other sentimental masters of rhythm in prose.

But accuracy, as thousands of observers and hundreds of self-observers must have noticed long before Nietzsche was born, is something that memory does not achieve with ease unless one's eye has nothing to gain by forgetfulness. "'I did that,' says my memory. 'I could not have done that,' says my pride, and remains inexorable. In the end my memory yields." This was true before Nietzsche said it, yet neither before nor since his day have novelists and playwrights begun to exhaust this branch of one of their subjects. Not even in The Egoist, where one would naturally look for something of the sort, can I recall a passage in which Sir Willoughby's ego forces his memory to tell him lies. Ego and memory do come to terms now and then, I believe, in Life's Little Ironies, though I can not put my hand on an instance; and in Hjalmar Ekdal we should undoubtedly have found this kind of self-deceiver if our acquaintance with him had run into years. Not that years are indispensable. Months will often give the ego its own. Lately I have met two men, neither of whom is notable for foresight, and each of whom is persuaded that nothing but accident kept him from selling all his securities at the market in the fortnight before the November election. To trace the process by which either has forced his memory to yield would be worth a novelist's while. Often, as we can discover by keeping tab on ourselves, no force is apparently needed. Often we do not really consult our memories at all: we merely question our egoes.

> And answer, egoes, answer, lying, lying, lying.

All hundred per-centers are trained to behave in this way.

Nobody, to be sure, would care to have a novelist go so far as to represent memory as always inexact, or inexactness as always some form of self-protection, self-justification or self-praise. But in sentimental passages, particularly, there is room for more variety than we commonly get. A husband and wife who recalled to each other, wistfully and affectionately, the days of their courtship, and whose memories were handsomely refuted by what we had read on an earlier page—I should like to come across this among many such possible scenes. The game would be to steer clear of the stereotype and to do so without seeming to have this purpose in mind, for a novelist is usually a nuisance when he falls to telling us that life is not like books. A nuisance, I mean, if he goes into the life vs. literature business after the familiar fashion. One wouldn't mind reading about a child, who had been suckled on Samuel Butler and Mr. Shaw, and who expected life to be like them, like what he had read in their books, and who discovers that life isn't like that but like this—"this" being what Mr. Shaw and Butler had read in books and had discovered that life wasn't like.

Writing about memory, shakes one's confidence in one's own. Does anybody ever remember with exactness? Looking back, and trying not to cheat, all I am confident of in remoter memories at this moment is certain words and scenes. I can surely have no motive, not even a subconscious, for doctoring the first recollection that presents itself—a winter day in the country, between a railway track and a frozen river, when a train went past, with sleepers or parlor cars, I forget which, that read as follows: Trinculo, Claudio, Meteor, Muskeko, Confucius. It is a source of pride in me that memory, being consulted, turns up first of all such a one hundred per cent American train.

P. L.

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The Living Tolstoy

Reminiscences of Tolstoy, by Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"THIS man is godlike." So Gorky wrote of Tolstoy, and believed. But never did a young man with reverence in his heart look his god straighter in the eye. The majesty of Leo Nikolaevich is never forgotten by Gorky; but neither is his humanity. And it is this supreme respect for the real—both the body of fact and the soul of it—that gives extraordinary expressiveness to these quick notes.

What was Tolstoy like? Gorky never for a moment writes like a Tolstoyan, which he emphatically was not. He writes with disgust of the regular disciples. "I always thought that these people infected the Yasnaya Polyana house, as well as the great house of Countess Panin, with a spirit of hypocrisy, cowardice, mercenary and self-seeking pettiness and legacy-hunting." "They all have boneless perspiring hands and lying eyes." So it was not as a Tolstoyan that Gorky came to the old man. "Many tried to please him, but I did not observe that they did it well or with any skill. He rarely spoke to me on his usual subjects of universal forgiveness, loving one's neighbor, the Gospels, and Buddhism, evidently because he realized at once that all that would not go down with me. I greatly appreciated this."

What would "go down" with Gorky was Tolstoy in relation to literature, in relation to Russia, in relation to men and women, in relation to life and death. These are the things that Gorky discloses. But first of all we can pick out the human figure of Tolstoy, very unlike those Millet-like pictures that the pious disciples put over on us. Tolstoy was ill when they met in the Crimea. He was no longer the Tolstoy of Yasnaya Polyana—"a man who knew everything and had nothing more to learn—a man who had settled every question." "The illness dried him up still more, burnt something out of him. Inwardly he seemed to become lighter, more transparent, more resigned. His eyes are still keener, his glance piercing. He listens attentively as though recalling something which he has forgotten or as though waiting for something new and unknown." In this mood he seemed remote, like a god, but an immensely clever god with keen little eyes and devouring inquisitiveness and malice and craft—"like a god, not a Saboath or Olympian, but the kind of Russian god who 'sits on a maple throne under a golden lime tree,' not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods." And again, when not inquisitive or malicious or caressing, "he gives one the impression of having just arrived from some distant country, where people think and feel differently and their relations and language are different. He sits in a corner tired and gray, as though the dust of another earth were on him, and he looks attentively at everything with the look of a foreigner or of a dumb man."

Curiously enough, he "seemed a small man, but knitted and knotted out of very strong roots deep in the earth. . . . He seemed a very ancient man, master of all his surroundings; a master-builder who after centuries of absence has arrived in the mansion built by him." He walks quickly, like a young man. And two things are memorable, his eyes and his hands. "He has wonderful hands—not beautiful, but knotted with swollen veins, and yet full of a singular expressiveness and power of creativeness." "I remember his keen eyes—they saw everything through and through—and the movement of his fingers, as though they were perpetually modelling something out of the air, his talk, his jokes, his favorite peasant words, his elusive voice. And I see what a vast amount of life was embodied in the man, how inhumanly clever he was, how terrifying."

One simple way in which he made himself terrifying was by his remorseless personal questions. He could be formal. "When he liked, he could be extraordinarily charming, sensitive, and tactful." But "he likes putting difficult and malicious questions.

"What do you think of yourself?

"Do you love your wife?

"Do you think my son, Leo, has talent?

"How do you like Sophie Andreyevna [Tolstoy's wife].

"To lie to him is impossible."

"He is the devil," exclaims Gorky, "and I am still a babe, and he should leave me alone." This sensitiveness Tolstoy upset in another way, by his talk of woman. "Of women he talks readily and much, like a French novelist, but always with the coarseness of a Russian peasant. Formerly it used to affect me unpleasantly. Today in the Almond Park he asked Anton Tchekhov:

"'You whored a great deal when you were young?'

"'Anton Pavlovich, with a confused smile, and pulling at his little beard, muttered something inaudible, and Leo Nikolaevich, looking at the sea, confessed:

"'I was an indefatigable . . .'"

The "salty peasant word" is left out, but Gorky declares elsewhere, not in regard to Tolstoy's bold words, but his hot feelings, "I always disliked what he said about women—it was unspeakably vulgar, and there was in his words something artificial, insincere, and at the same time very personal. It seemed as if he had once been hurt, and could neither forget nor forgive."

He laughs until he cries, this very human god, at Gorky's account of the General's wife who "wanted" him and whom he hit with a broad shovel on the bottom. But this jovialty of Tolstoy goes with his being moved to tears at the thought of a drunken woman, ("it cuts me to the heart when I remember something horrible"). It also goes with his formidable baronial attitude, not only in his dislike of contradiction and his initial patronizing of Gorky, but also in his "disproportionately overgrown individuality" and his way of referring to all writers "exactly as if they were his children."

He could love. There is his love for Tchekhov, who is a charming figure in these notes. And there is his enraptured acceptance of peasants. But Gorky sees in his attitude toward Christ mere sentimentality, "no enthusiasm, no feeling in his words, and no spark of real fire." And as for God, "he reminds me of those pilgrims who all their life long, stick in hand, walk the earth . . . The world is not for them, nor God either. They pray to him from habit, and in their secret soul they hate him—why does he drive them over the earth, from one end to the other? What for?"

As to his cleverness, his simple expressiveness, his salience, the "indefinable beauty of his speech," the "play and light of his eyes," Gorky leaves little doubt.. And he also leaves little doubt that Tolstoy was at once a person who willed to believe and who did not believe. "He was never happy, never and nowhere, I am certain of that: neither 'in the books of wisdom,' nor 'on the back of a horse,' nor 'in the arms of a woman' did he experience the full delights of 'earthly paradise.' He is too rational for that and knows life and people too well . . . 'I have never lived—

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I can not live—for myself, for my own self; I live for show, for people.'" And this lonely god, perhaps because lonely, could be cruel and almost sadistic in his treatment of Gorky as an artist. It was in his novels that he had the gift (or is it the illusion?) of compassion.

To convey so much in so short a book is a nice illustration of Gorky's own courageous expressiveness. After all, the "remorseless explicitness" of most biography and criticism is of no use at all. In legal documents it is all right to be remorselessly explicit, and in druggists' prescriptions, and cooking recipes and directions for visiting the suburbs. The object in such documentation is to point out the particular details that must be observed among a host and confusion of details. But in an attempt to convey character nothing is less important than the explication of say, the subject's sisters and cousins and aunts. These details are utterly innutritious. Equally innutritious are the usual momentous "facts" as to where Yasnaya Polyana is and who Countess Panin was and what the Metropolitan of Moscow said about Tolstoy in 1889. The essence is the man who, first of all, would appear to our own senses, and, secondly, would reveal himself in his talk and tone and mood. These are the things by which we judge our wives and children and friends and rivals and associates—the things, that is to say, which create emotion. And because Gorky is an artist, not a legalist or a dry-as-dust or a pedant, he puts us in possession of his own emotions about this great man, and renews for us the horrible emotional problem of greatness with overweening individuality as against the ordinary quietness, furtiveness and objectionableness of the human cockroach.

Emotions are as powerful as strong horses, as solid as granite. This is Gorky's realization. And because he respected his emotions regarding this old Titan of Russia, we have now one of the most real of biographical contributions. And yet most editors and publishers would have felt that these were mere fragments and would have howled for the circumstantiality of "fact."

F. H.

Beyond the Horizon

Beyond the Horizon, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THE authentic drama in America, the drama of the valiant Little Theatres and the dusty first editions unsold on publishers' shelves, is developing two distinct tendencies toward realism, the one subjective, almost subconscious, as in some of Alfred Kreymborg's plays, the other objective and romantic as in the dramas of Eugene O'Neill.

It is the fashion to speak of romanticism as though it had been hatched and incubated by the early Victorians, had reached with them a respectable old age and been buried with fitting honors in Westminster Abbey. The truth is the Victorians were not romanticists but sentimentalists. The age of Victoria ushered in an age of intense commercial activity incompatible with romance, but as wistfully eager for a public alliance with sentiment as any wealthy grocer for a beautiful and aristocratic wife. Sentimentality and big business, like sentimentality and politics, mutually assist and sustain each other, and this is even more true of our own than of the Victorian age. We Americans, master-merchants of the world, are an exceedingly sentimental people—witness our popular magazines and the noble appeals in the editorials of our daily newspapers. But as for the Romance of Big Business—that is one of the ready-made phrases we keep in the labeled jars of our minds.

Romanticism is the will to beauty without any retarding consideration. It is as ageless as death or love or avarice. It is the fertilizer of life as well as of art, the infusion without which creation becomes a sterile and brittle thing, lacking the virility to perpetuate itself.

Eugene O'Neill is a romanticist who takes one by the scruff of the neck and holds one's nose to reality. His is a spirit stark, eager, alive. Even in his most photographically realistic plays, Before Breakfast and another one-act drama where the crushed seaman dies in his reeking quarters, one feels he has not only a hold but an agonizing clench on life. Yet it is not life as some of the great Scandinavians and Russians have given it—life that has not only passed through the senses but through the inmost essence of a single consciousness to emerge in a great and terrible art. For this it is too minutely reproduced in its physical and accidental manifestations, such as dialect. The life of the spirit alone will bear faithful reproduction without either becoming "lurid" or losing its impressiveness. And this perhaps only because the in-vision of even the greatest artist is not strong enough to discover spiritual minutiae; unlike the camera it cannot see too much.

The theme of the three-act drama, Beyond the Horizon, is the old unappeasable hunger of the wandering spirit that is always at odds with those who are content to burrow in some settled patch of earth. The brothers, Andrew and Robert Mayo, typify these opposing forces. Andrew is the pioneer who attaches himself firmly to that which surrounds him and which he, having no comparison of a richer inner life, finds complete and satisfying. Unlike Robert, driven always toward some shifting and elusive Grail, Andrew only pulls up roots with the definite hope of a more durable replanting. While Robert is the eternal poet-adventurer who rides after his own dreams, unaware that he himself projects before him like a lantern the gleam that he follows. "You have it or you don't," he says, explaining his obsession to Ruth on the eve of a three years' trip on a tramp steamer to the Orient. It is the appeal of Ruth, loved by both brothers, and by all authority of nature a mate for Andrew, that induces Robert—hopelessly unfit for such a well-made socket of earth—to stay on the farm and marry her. Andrew, the loss of his first love souring home for him, goes off on the tramp steamer in his brother's place. For this he gets the curse of his father. The old man whose farm has become his religion and who owns no God but earth, is left like some angry priest who sees an acolyte's back turned on the sacred fire.

In the second act we see the slow withering of personality. The old man Mayo is dead, and Robert, his gleam almost blackened out without the winds of the world to blow on it, struggles ineffectually with the ruin about him. After a scene of recrimination, Ruth—her vanity outraged by the failure of her man to win the community's approval for the only values she or it comprehends—makes an advance to Andrew who is unbelievably obtuse. Andrew, unsensitive, hardy as speargrass, is the only one of the disrupted human things who has prospered. But at the last he too is denourished, no longer sturdy, firm-rooted, but run to the very stalk of enterprise—"gambling with the thing that he had created."

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The study of Andrew is a new light on our financiers. In it we see them as a race of denatured farmers, perverting their motive and creative power from the clean usage of the earth to the manipulation of "wheat pits" in the stone canyons of cities.

Andrew is a harsh mechanism of a man with the stridency of steel. His reiteration of material values falls upon the ear like hammer blows. Yet such as he is, he dominates the play—very much as his prototype is dominating America.

The drama draws to a somber close with the spiritual paralysis of Ruth, who has sunk to a monotonous voice muffled in a dirty shawl, and the death of Robert, who crawls out the window in his last moments to die as he would have died had he had the courage of his faith "in a ditch by the open road, seeing the sun rise."

Mr. O'Neill is most successful with such primitive types as Ruth. When he approaches a complex nature like Robert's, his presentation is weaker. Even Ruth remains too consistently crushed in the last act. Character cannot be changed or destroyed, though its manifestations may be suspended. And her possessive instinct would have again asserted itself and given some promise of closing with and overcoming the hostility of Andrew, thrust toward her by the chivalry of the dying man.

Beyond the Horizon is a good drama. It might have been a great one but for two defects that create and sustain each other, namely the theatre-consciousness of the playwright, and the fact that he is a too anxious father to his brood. Not one of his characters is projected far enough from the parent mind to create the impression of an entity independent of his guiding will. Each fits too snugly in his individual part. Thus we do not feel that vital continuation of personality after and beyond the spoken word that makes living forces of the great characters of literature.

But here is a dramatist in whom life the magnificent is riding with a loose rein. It will be of absorbing interest to follow his next leap.

LOLA RIDGE.

Lord Kitchener

The Life of Lord Kitchener, in three volumes, by Sir George Arthur. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IT cannot be said that Sir George Arthur has written a great book. Lord Kitchener, for all his obvious distinction, is hardly of three-volume calibre. He represents that British combination of soldier and administrator which has stood the imperialism of England in good stead during the last century of her history. Sir George has yet made out an admirable case for his hero; and not a little of what he has to say has so far escaped the printed record. He makes it clear that Kitchener was, above all, an organizer who understood, as few strategists except Napoleon seem to have understood, that half the art of administration is in the management of detail. He confers upon him a very real humanity. Kitchener, in intimate perspective, turns out to be less the ruthless and immovable soldier than a rather shy and sensitive soul who hates a fuss and is curiously interested in architecture and the details of religious liturgy.

From three reproaches, moreover, Sir George has no difficulty in rescuing him. It is abundantly clear that in principle his plea for a single military control in India was far superior to what Lord Curzon, with not a little subtlety, represented as the predominance of the military aim. It is not less obvious that the prolonged campaign in Africa after he took command was due not to blunders on his part, but to the essential nature of the problem. Above all Sir George Arthur has no difficulty in establishing that while Lord Kitchener was Secretary of War the British in France were supplied not merely in quantity but also in type with the munitions they required. The myth of a tragic shortage which only the genius of Mr. Lloyd George could replenish is demonstrated by Sir George to be without the slightest basis in fact. Mr. Lloyd George simply reaped the fruits of Lord Kitchener's previous organization. It may be added that few things are more regretable than that a great reputation should have been unnecessarily tarnished by the allocation of credit where it was patently undeserved.

On the more complex problem of the Dardanelles campaign Sir George is less satisfactory. It might have been expected that a man, the major portion of whose life has been spent in the East, would have sympathized with what, apart from Foch's last campaign, was the one great strategic conception of the war. But Kitchener does not seem to have given the cabinet any coherent sense of his views. He does not seem to have impressed Sir Ian Hamilton with any detailed or exact view of his function. He never seized, so far as an outsider can judge, the vastness of the problem, its difficulties or its promise.

Sir George seems to imply that a soldier finds it difficult to communicate with a civilian mind. Writing and speech, he tells us, both came only with difficulty to Kitchener. But it is of the essence of the English state that the military arm be subordinated to civilian policy; and if Kitchener could not express his views with plainness he was out of place as Secretary of War. We know both from the great Diary of Sir Ian Hamilton and from Mr. Nevinson's admirable record that the fatal moment in that adventure was the naval bombardment. From Sir George's account, it appears that Lord Kitchener regarded unaccompanied naval action as a mistake. But in war the essence of wisdom is decisiveness. It matters less what you believe than that you should state your belief wholeheartedly. Here, at least, Lord Kitchener was in an admirable position to enforce his point of view. On his side there was the authority of Lord Fisher and against him no more than the amateur if brilliant, strategy of Mr. Churchill. That the latter should have triumphed is important evidence as to Lord Kitchener's methods. It means either that he lacked that genius for compromise which made Lord Haldane the greatest of British Secretaries for War; or else it means that he lacked that genius for clarity by which Lord Fisher was distinguished in naval affairs. That he served to the very limit of his powers is amply and nobly proved by these volumes. But they do not solve the deeper problem of the quality of his powers.

For when any final estimate of Lord Kitchener's work is attempted, great and single minded as his services unquestionably were, the positive achievements with which his name will be associated are hardly of the first importance. His survey of Palestine was a solid piece of technical accomplishment; but there were a hundred others not less competent to the task. His conquest of the Sudan was made against a people without the scientific resources he could bring to his aid and Omdurman was less a victory than a holocaust. Even in South Africa what leaps to the mind is less the relentless purpose by which he was inform-

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ed than the courage of men who, like Smuts and Botha, were willing to fight impossible odds for the noblest of all causes. He reorganized the Indian army; but there were at least half a dozen, soldiers, like Sir James Willcocks, not less apt to the task. He did, indeed, infuse the British War Office with the spirit by which victory was obtained; but there he built upon the magnificent foundations Lord Haldane had already laid. Neither in strategy nor in military administration is it possible to connect a single original idea with his name. He does not even stand in that front rank of men like Marlborough or Wellington whose careers have marked a definite turning point in the history of war.

What, then, is his secret? Personal charm it assuredly cannot be, for only a handful were admitted to that delightful intimacy upon which Sir George dwells with such affection. Solid achievement, indeed, there is; but, Omdurman apart, none of it was spectacular enough to give him the profound hold he had upon the respect of Englishmen. Not, be it noted, upon their affections. Kitchener never became the popular figure which made Lord Roberts the darling of the unthinking populace. To win that adoration the art of politician is necessary and no soldier ever had so little of it as Kitchener. The probability is that his very aloofness from the mass of men was responsible for the power he exerted. He had lived so much out of England as to become almost a legend. Men knew only that in two periods of grave disaster Kitchener had emerged as a deus ex machina to recover the credit that had been lost. His staff could spread abroad the almost miraculous stories of his patience, his endurance, and his many tongued silence. On his rare visits to England, he came not merely as the great proconsul who had avenged the death of Gordon, but also as the man of mystery. And he had, moreover, the qualities expected from the soldier by the average public. No man was more single minded in devotion to his profession. He did not, like Lord Roberts, tarnish a great reputation by espousing a cause his experience did not fit him to understand. He did not make speeches and he did not transform his private hobby into a public crusade. Whatever honors the soldier can win were conferred upon him by the state; yet in his acceptance he seemed always to leave a sense that it was his profession rather than himself that had been singled out for distinction.

But above all and beyond all there was that amazing devotion to duty which revealed how a public service can exact from its members an idealism to which no private profession can offer even the possibility of rivalry. In a very different sphere Lord Kitchener's life reminds the student of politics of Sir Robert Morant's career. If they were rarely foremost in the spectacle, the historian has little difficulty in discovering that it was they who wrote the play. Probably no epitaph would have given Lord Kitchener a greater sense of the contribution he made to the country he died to serve.

H. J. L.

The Brahmin Caste

Crowding Memories, by Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was the chief inheritor of the Boston celestials, particularly of the Longfellow branch. They all welcomed and sponsored him. Holmes offered him advice, noting the promise of his verse but suggesting that he try to make his poems less like nosegays and restrain his taste for "vanilla-flavored adjectives." Aldrich restrained his taste. He pruned and refined and purified it until his poetic style became spare and delicate and polite. Constantly revising and selecting he offered successive slender little compilations which ensnared frail old Italian legends or Oriental phantasies and imprisoned brief little lyrics. The effect was that of a fastidious choice, and it exactly mirrored Aldrich's taste. So far as his relation to the public was concerned the effect was studied. He wrote to Frank Dempster Sherman: "I have won and kept my few readers by not surfeiting them. In February next I shall serve them out another round of starvation rations."

Aldrich practised an adaptable literary art, writing sketches, essays, short stories, and even a novel and a play, as well as verse. He was an editor of the Atlantic, succeeding Howells. He became known as a wit; he apparently had great personal charm. With money enough in later life to allow him to travel extensively and collect, as he said, "mental intaglios and Venetian glass and mental bric à brac generally," he became at length the cultivated Boston literary figure, with all the inhibitions, coolness of taste, and security of judgment inherent in the caste.

As an editor he was seldom accessible to new talent. He branded Whitman's manner as a "hollow affectation." He was never interested in public affairs. Neither in Ferris Greenslet's Life nor in the recent memoirs of Mrs. Aldrich nor in Aldrich's own writings is there evidence of more than a transient absorption in the vast chaotic turmoil of the Civil War. When the flood of immigration became manifest he wrote a poem of protest; and in touching upon the problem in one or two letters he used those happy Brahminical words canaille and "spawn."

It was not to be expected that Mrs. Aldrich would pass her husband and his period in critical review. She has not even produced a quite independent volume, for she quotes from Mr. Greenslet's book at considerable length and uses excerpts from Aldrich's semi-autobiographical writings to complete the structure of her narrative. Nor has she the special gift of the great memoir writer, that easy command of detail which gives its solid reward in social documentations. Anecdotes about famous people make the more conspicuous offering of these recollections.

There is one pleasantly indecorous picture, of Harriet Beecher Stowe thriftily paying a visit to obtain literary copy, succumbing to claret cup and sleeping it off with hoop-skirts considerably disarranged. There are glimpses of the Booths, Mark Twain, Browning, Dickens, and others, all near views. But they are all essentially slight. They scarcely add to existing portraits, though psychological critics of the future may find in some of them just the strokes needed to finish off an analysis. They seem to have been formulated not because of any overweighing personal impression, except in the case of the Booths, but mainly because the subjects were famous. There are almost no minor figures in the book.

But as a casual record of certain trivialities Crowding Memories is something of a social document. There are any number of firm and sometimes smiling little references to an entrenched literary and social privilege in Boston. At one time or another the celebrities passed in review are measured by the well-known Boston foot-rule. The re-

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action is almost punctual. Dickens gave the impression of being not quite a gentleman. Mark Twain showed the disastrous results of living so long in mining camps. Bret Harte never went through the right motions, and gave an unsuitable Phi Beta Kappa poem, appearing in gaudy raiment topped off with green gloves. Bret Harte always bluffed, of course, but this fact, particularly as it appeared in relation to Boston—and here it was joyously broad—does not intrigue Mrs. Aldrich, though she mentions the waiting sheriff at one of the lectures. Decorum, correctness: these are gently iterated. Conventional dress seems to have been amazingly important. Aldrich declined to meet Wilde chiefly because of his raiment and the superadded yellow sunflower. He did more than decline. He consistently refused all invitations for more than a year because he did not care to "run the risk" of meeting Wilde, living, as Mrs. Aldrich says, in "strict seclusion." Later he unwittingly encountered Wilde at a theatre dinner given by Henry Irving, but by that time "Mr. Wilde had dropped his masquerade, discarded his foolish and unwise attitude, and never assumed it again. He wore the conventional dress based upon the accepted rules, and in no outward ways differed from his fellow-men."

There is a little compensatory humor in the fact that the Aldriches in England were not quite aware of all the rules of those other, more ancient Brahmins, in matters of dress, address, the dinner-hour, going in to dinner. In the light of Mrs. Aldrich's really engaging brief concern about these small matters, Boston suddenly appears for what it largely was, an imitative society trying to keep up the most genteel of social and literary traditions, but at bottom really provincial and self-inhibitive. At another point the Duke of Argyll unwittingly lets in a contrast with his blustering commonplaceness and freedom of manner and speech. He accomplishes something of what the Duke of St. Austrey—is Edith Wharton's character a portrait?—accomplishes in The Age of Innocence, letting the wind of an easy savoir faire blow upon the accumulations of restraint. There is humor too in the way in which Boston on the whole methodically turned out for the bizarre extra-Bostonian celebrities. It even let itself in for entertainment at the houses of the unprivileged in order to meet them, perhaps in an excess of courtesy, perhaps in a sustained effort to encompass everything literary there was going.

But with all the humor brought to the surface it is a bleak time. Santayana speaks of the New England writers of the middle of the century as representing a kind of Indian summer of the mind. The picture of the succeeding period suggests that pale afterlight which falls briefly upon the stripped landscape of November. The faint brightness has about it something factitious and transient. There is no reason why it should remain. When a critic wrote of Aldrich that he seemed aloof from experience, he thought that he was being advised to treat of topics of the day.

He failed to understand the language; he never understood the fact. He was almost exactly a contemporary of Henry Adams, but he apparently had no glimmering of the question about cultivated Boston which Adams so freely considered. So far as the record shows he achieved finally an insularity which was almost complete. He was the perfection of a type, the outstanding figure of a small but hardy decadence.

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